HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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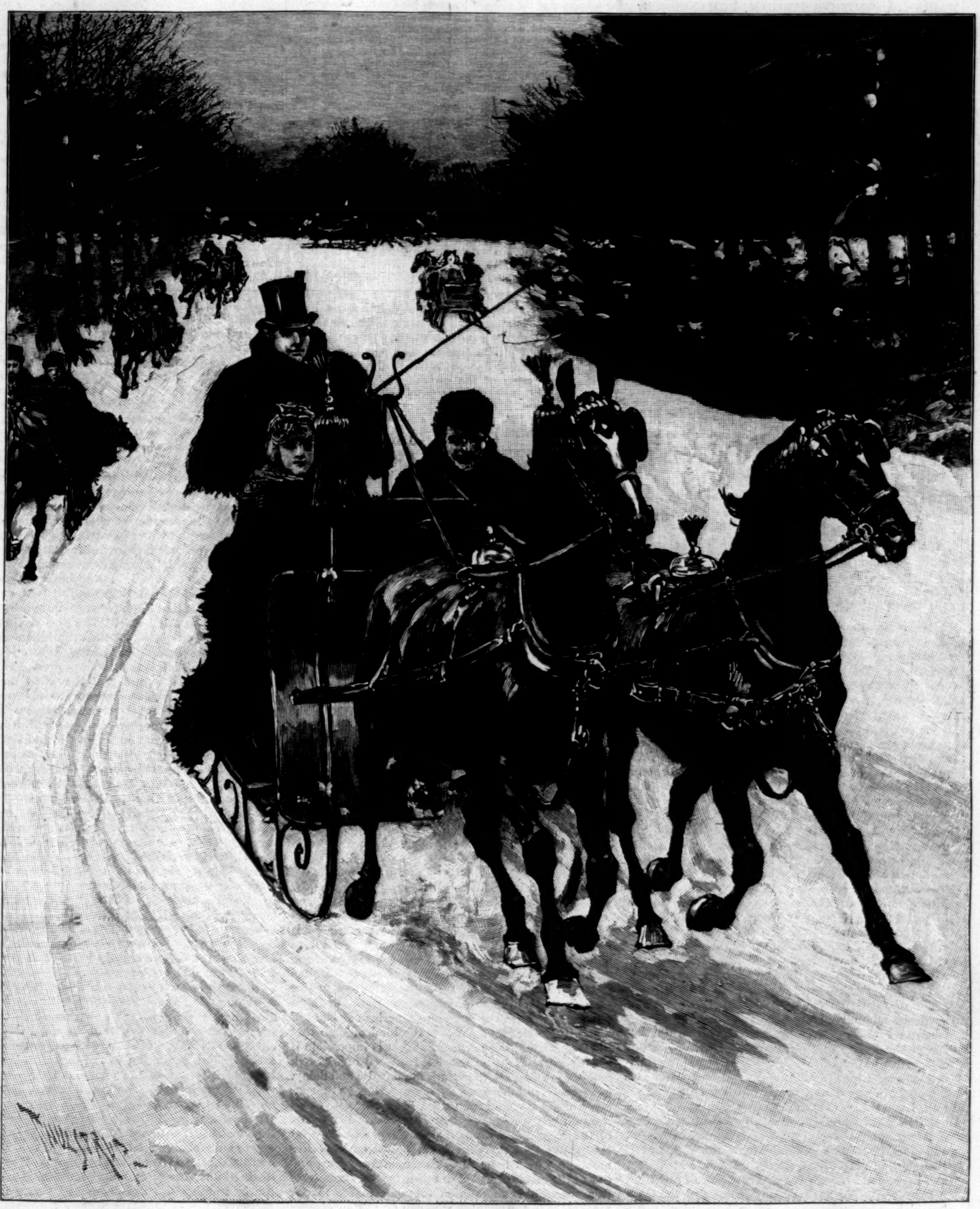

SLEIGHING IN CENTRAL PARK DURING THE BRIEF WINTER SPELL.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 211.]

JUST PUBLISHED.

TWO YEARS IN THE FRENCH WEST INDIES. By LAFCADIO HEARN. Author of "Chita," etc. Copiously Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $2 00.

Several of the chapters have been published in part in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, but the large majority now appear in print for the first time. The sketches composing the bulk of the volume are some of the literary results of a two-years' sojourn in "the island paradise" of Martinique. A striking feature of the book is due to Mr. Hearn's knowledge of the language and his sympathy with the imaginative life of the people. "Almost every promontory and peak," he says, "every village and valley along the coast, has its special folk-lore, its particular tradition," and he has reproduced many of these stories in appreciative versions. Again, Mr. Hearn possesses in common with few other writers the power of comprehending the characteristics of a strange people, of entering into the very genius of a race; and his studies of ethnological problems in the West Indies have therefore a peculiar scientific value.

MARÍA: A SOUTH-AMERICAN ROMANCE. By JORGE ISAACS. Translated by ROLLO OGDEN. An Introduction by THOMAS A. JANVIER. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00. (Uniform with "The Odd Number," by GUY DE MAUPASSANT.)

"Maria: Novela Americana," is one of the most charming stories I have ever read, and worthy the leading author of any country. I happened upon it quite by chance in Mexico. It is an idyl of the valley of Cauca, in Colombia, which would seem a sort of earthly Paradise. —*W. H. Bishop, in Scribner's Magazine.*

"Maria" is generally considered in South America as the most original and characteristic work yet produced in Spanish-American literature.... No more typical South-American book could have been chosen for translation into English.—*Fernando Cruz, LL.D., etc., President of the University of Guatemala, Delegate to the Pan-American Congress, Minister from Guatemala to the United States.*

TROLLOPE'S FURTHER REMINISCENCES. What I Remember. By THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, Author of "Durnton Abbey," "Lindisfarn Chase," "Siren," etc. Vol. II. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75. Uniform in size and price with the first volume.

The first volume, which was published about two years ago, closed with the death of Mr. Trollope's first wife in 1865; the new volume covers the period from that date to the year 1889. Among the well-known people with whom the reader becomes acquainted in these pages are Liszt, Von Bülow, General Sheridan, King Humbert, Pope Leo, Salvini, Ristori, Cardinal McCloskey, Jenny Lind, Lanciani, and Holman Hunt.

Characterized by the same cheerfulness and kindly feeling toward all manner of men, women, and children as the first volume.—*Athenæum, London.*

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No. 1734.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH COVER, AND

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THE NEW YORK FORESTS.

THE public mind in the State of New York is rapidly awakening to the very serious danger which threatens the State from the destruction of the northern woods. The agitation of the question began five or six years ago, and it has been pressed with such intelligence, persistence, and vigor that it is now a topic of general concern. The Governor has made it the subject of special recommendation, and several projects are pending in the Legislature for the care and disposition of the Adirondack woodlands. Fortunately Mr. SLOAN is interested in the question, and his ability, experience, and uprightness make his views and action very important. The first great practical object is to arrest the destruction of the forests, and to hasten necessary action to this end, the general mischievous consequences of such destruction should be understood. The ruin of the forests upon mountain slopes leads inevitably to the removal of the soil, and so, by erosion, to the destruction of the hills themselves. The soil is essential for the storage of water by absorption for subsequent distribution. The disappearance of the soil is followed by overwhelming floods and wasting droughts and the obstruction of watercourses—in fact, by the total derangement of the natural and regulated water supply.

The loss to the State arising from such disturbances would be enormous, and common thrift and prudence admonish us to prompt, thorough, and effective remedies. Not only the public treasury, but the public health and pleasure, are involved in the destruction of the Adirondack woods. Their security is a general interest and necessity. But this fact and the public perception of it, and of the necessity of action, have led already to various projects and apparent jobs which should be carefully scrutinized. The first steps should be wise steps, and essential as prompt action is, intelligent action is still more essential. Remote and permanent results must be considered, and the general objects for which action of any kind is desirable. We have already mentioned the Governor's recommendation of a large Adirondack reservation for a park, and of a special commission of inquiry. Mr. SLOAN, however, suggests that the existing Forest Commission ought to conduct such an inquiry. Certainly the Commission ought to be able properly to conduct it, because, if it is not, it is not competent for its present duties.

Speaker HUSTED'S plan, which the Governor is understood to approve, is severely condemned by the Albany *Morning Express*, a stanch Republican paper, as "crammed full of the worst kind of politics, for it provides for a combination of interests of HILL Democrats and Tammany Hall Republicans which this Legislature should crush in its inception." The bill provides for an increase of the Commission to five salaried members.

> "It proposes that the new body shall be empowered to purchase wild lands for the State—the meaning of which, of course, is that lumbermen and the owners of vast tracts of burned and absolutely worthless land shall be able to turn over to the State their worthless possessions—at a price not exceeding two dollars an acre. Some of the land that might thus become the property of the State under the proposed law is not worth twenty-five cents an acre, so the possibilities for jobbery that the measure presents are absolutely incalculable. Under its provisions the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company would be able to seize every advantageous site along the line of the Adirondack Railway (which it has lately absorbed) that offered a promising field for the erection of hotels or the establishment of camping-grounds. Last, but by no means least, it provides that the members of the unwieldly Commission shall be paid salaries."

This is a scheme which may well be watched.

The preservation of the forests and their reservation and care for public resort and recreation are the great ends in view, and no private advantage whatever should be considered, except as a necessary means of promoting the public benefit. It is a private interest—the extension of railroads—which is now among the chief dangers of the woods. The subject is of great importance, and fortunately the organization of the New York Forestry Association, which is designed to co-operate with the State Forest Commission and with all associations and persons that have in view the wise preservation of the forests, offers an opportunity for everybody to aid in the good work. The fee of membership is but one dollar annually; the payment of twenty-five dollars constitutes a life membership, and one hundred dollars, a patron. The office is at 52 William Street. The people of New York have signally demonstrated their public spirit by the reservation of the grounds at Niagara, and they will certainly rescue the Adirondack forests.

A CHANCE FOR YOUNG AMERICA.

THERE are no more intelligent, clever, quick, and capable workmen than Americans. In the discussions upon the tariff and wages, the quality and character of the American workman are always taken carefully into account. The great multitude of Americans, as in every country, work for their living, and the conditions of life in this country, and our political principles and system, tend to distribute wealth rather than to entrench it in families and social classes. In view of this character and competency of the American, it is curious to read in the census of ten years ago, the last taken, that in New York fifty-six per cent., in Chicago sixty per cent., and in Brooklyn sixty-nine per cent. of persons engaged in the trades were of foreign birth. The next census will show probably a still larger proportion. This result is largely due undoubtedly to the exclusion of boys from the trades. But from what source could trades be more effectively and beneficially reinforced than from young Americans? What workmen are more satisfactory? What public advantage is gained by their exclusion? These are questions which the situation has pressed more and more urgently upon the attention of those most interested, until a new and more satisfactory system of apprentice instruction is arising.

The natural situation in a great and rapidly growing country of which the fundamental principle is freedom would be the fostering of skilled labor. But the tendency here has been to exclude pupils in the trades, and to restrict the number of skilled hands, with the view of increasing their wages. The same tendency and aim lead to slower work. The enormous economy of trained skill and of rapid labor is thus lost to the public, and there is the more serious evil of the loss of the control by Americans of the trades in America. The ideal American patriot is a man like PAUL REVERE in the Revolution—a skilled workman, intelligent, sagacious, upright, of high public spirit, with the generous American instinct of liberty and fair-play. This is the kind of man that the trades should develop. But that is impossible if skilled labor is to be restricted instead of fostered, and if workmen are to organize to dawdle and delay. Conscience in labor is as indispensable as conscience everywhere else, and the tendency of which we speak is essentially un-American and unwise. The report of the New York Bureau of Statistics of Labor for 1886 states that there are large industrial establishments in which there is not a single American, and one of the most careful and well-informed students of this question is of opinion that except for master mechanics in the country who can do as they choose, American workmen would have disappeared from some of the trades.

The conditions of labor are such that the old apprentice system cannot be restored. The subdivision of labor prevents the workshop from being the best school of a trade, and a system of trade schools is appearing in which the pupil learns the science and practice of a trade. Whenever he is shown to have profited by his practice to fit him for entering a workshop he enters as a junior, and upon passing a second examination he becomes a journeyman. The excellence of this system is that its conditions are open to all. Any young man may pay the fees at the school, and his progress depends upon himself. The trade schools in New York were the subject of an interesting illustrated article in the WEEKLY some time ago. In Chicago there is a plumbing school under the auspices of master plumbers. The National Association of Builders, also, recommends the trade schools, and the American apprentice system thus promises a fair chance to every capable and qualified American young man to enter the trade that he prefers. Its success will baffle the policy of diminishing the supply of skilled labor, and of excluding young men from the trades. Manual instruction is made part of the public-school system in some of the large cities, and the American demand of equal rights in learning and practising a trade grows constantly stronger as the wrong of the system which denies that right becomes more evident.

THE STRAUSS ORCHESTRA.

THE law of the 26th of February, 1885, to prohibit the importation and migration of foreigners and aliens under contract or agreement to perform labor in the United States, plainly requires amendment. The questions that have arisen under it show that more precise interpretation is necessary. Experience has proved that it is susceptible of the most ludicrous construction, which puts the country in a ridiculous light before the world. The kind of amendment required can be readily perceived by considering the object of the law. It is universally known to have been intended to protect laborers in the United States against the importation of foreign laborers under contract for service. The law was a propitiation of "the labor vote," and was designed to aid labor strikes by preventing the introduction of cheap foreign labor. Naturally, therefore, the act was loosely drawn, and when it was judicially decided that it prohibited a religious society from securing the services of an English clergyman, it was obvious that a construction could be placed upon the act which was wholly foreign to its purpose.

The same question has now arisen in another form which is equally grotesque. An engagement has been made with the famous STRAUSS orchestra in Vienna to give a series of concerts in this country next summer, and it is objected that the entry of the orchestra is forbidden by the law. If this were really the fact, it would be a conclusive reason for immediate amendment or repeal. But a simple, fair, and reasonable view of the law does not justify the view, although the fact that the question is raised makes the amendment most desirable. The fifth section of the act expressly provides that the prohibition shall not apply to professional actors, artists, lecturers, or singers. The condition is that these persons shall be professional actors, etc., not that they shall have any especial degree of proficiency or excellence or reputation. It does not require that a player shall be a KEMBLE or a KEAN, nor that a singer shall be a JENNY LIND or MALIBRAN, but only that he or she shall be a professional actor or singer, and so in the other cases. The question then arises does the phrase professional artist include musicians? WEBSTER says of the word artist, quoting and adopting the explanation of ELMES, "the term is particularly applied to painters, sculptors, musicians, engravers, and architects"; and STORMONTH, defining the word *artiste*, derives it from the French word signifying artist, and interprets it as "a female painter, musician, singer, or dancer."

This is the universal present acceptation of the word, and in this sense a band or orchestra of professional musicians is a body of artists. If the word artist be held to signify a certain degree of excellence or proficiency, who shall decide what degree? and how shall the degree, if it could be defined, be ascertained in any individual instance? From the nature of the case it must be determined by common fame, by reputation. There can be no question that RACHEL as an actress and PAGANINI as a musician were professional artists. In precisely the same way, the orchestra of STRAUSS is acknowledged to be a band of artists. The reputation of the orchestra is undeniable, and it is due to the fact that it is a society of superior musicians. The law, however, does not require that they shall be superior musicians, but professional artists, and it is indisputable that they are such artists. The Assistant Secretary of the Treasury makes a distinction between musicians who are artists and those who are not. But the law makes no such distinction. The law admits professional artists, and the best authorities define an artist as a musician. Moreover, the Assistant Secretary's distinction cannot be satisfactorily determined except by common report, and common report concedes the STRAUSS orchestra to be a band of artists. But the decision of the Treasury shows an actual difference of opinion, and the act therefore should be so amended as to restrict it to its intention, which, as appears from the fourth section, is the exclusion of "any alien laborer, mechanic, or artisan" who has previously made a contract for work in the United States. The good sense of Congress will certainly see that the act as it stands is obscure and liable to great abuse.

THE BLAIR SCHEME.

It is possible that a vote upon the Blair bill may be reached in the Senate before this paper is issued. The general anticipation is that if Senators vote, and vote as they think, the support of the bill will be much weaker than heretofore. Eleven Republicans are believed to be unfriendly to the scheme, and possibly four more. There is no question of the fact that profuse public aid has been given to education in this country, and is still given. The public-school system in every State is public aid, and no money is more wisely expended. But the grant of money by the national government to the State government is a wholly different question. If it be constitutional, it is not necessarily expedient. When the people of a State tax themselves heavily to support their own schools, they will watch closely and carefully the expenditure of the money. But the evil results of indiscriminate alms are as obvious in grants from the public Treasury as in gifts from the private purse. The fact that there is a surplus is not a reason for gift-giving by the national government. The real question is whether the purpose is such as would authorize Congress to levy a tax to raise the money. If not, the proposed gift is but an illustration of the mischief of a surplus, and an argument for reducing the revenue.

Moreover, the expediency of the Blair bill must be judged by its own provisions, not by an abstract principle of the desirability of promoting education. A good end is not an argument for unwise means. It is desirable to promote education, but it is still more desirable to foster self-dependence in every community. It is absurd to give six millions of dollars from the national Treasury to New York in order to give a proportional sum to Florida. The bill gives the money to the States upon the basis of illiterate population, but the States are to distribute it upon the basis of school population. The more the scheme is considered the more it seems to be a crude device to spend part of the surplus, and every plea for it encounters the inexorable fact that even if some of the grant might be supposed to be appropriated to its purpose and to relieve some illiteracy, the inevitable demoralization of the community would entirely overbear the benefit. No man knows more of the necessity of education in the Southern States than General Armstrong, of the Hampton school in Virginia, and when he says, "Take out the self-help, and the rest is not worth much," he tells the truth crisply, and states the principle which should govern all national pecuniary assistance.

The strength of the American system is local self-government. Whatever strengthens that promotes the general welfare. Whatever teaches the State to look to the national government for results which it should owe to its own industry, sacrifice, intelligence, and energy is a general misfortune. Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, in opposing the Blair bill, quoted the President as saying, "Such aid should be, as it has always been, suggested by some exceptional conditions." Certainly in the great multitude of the States to which the Blair bill gives aid no exceptional conditions whatever can be alleged; and it is not easy to see, even if the bill should pass Congress, how the President could authorize by his signature a series of grants for which no necessity can be pleaded, in order to secure others for which necessity is alleged.

PAN-AMERICANA.

The Pan-American Congress has agreed upon the common principles which should govern the legislation of all American States in protecting the rights of literary, artistic, and industrial property. Literary and artistic copyrights, it is agreed, should receive the protection accorded them by the state "of origin," and patent rights should be registered according to the laws of the country in which recognition is asked for. This is amicable and pleasing. It is, however, recommendation only. No government is bound by the action of the Congress, even if unanimous. Even if a general scheme of friendly agreement should be proposed, it would be a sign of the good-will of the delegates, but nothing more.

The practical value of the Congress lies in the personal intercourse of distinguished and accomplished delegates from countries which have little association with each other. They can acquaint each other with the actual situation and condition of feeling in their respective countries, and they can learn, each for himself, the probabilities of reciprocal legislation. In really important matters, however, involving large pecuniary interests, it is obvious that valuable results are not to be anticipated. Chili undoubtedly would be willing to give our authors the same protection that they enjoy at home, and we should hardly hesitate to do likewise. Uruguay, also, would doubtless recognize our trade-marks upon similar courtesy from us.

But it is still open to question whether any of our South-American brethren would agree to pay us more for the same thing than they pay other countries. On the other hand, they might agree upon the desirability of a railroad through both the Americas, conveniently connected with all the chief cities in each country. But such projects are music in the air. The Congress ought to be at least a good school for the delegates. We shall soon know what it has done for the two Americas.

DO YOU BITE YOUR THUMB AT ME?

The tone of the New York press comments upon the Fair which the House of Representatives has conceded to Chicago is not strictly fraternal. Chicago is taunted in the lingo of the street boy with having bitten off more than she can chew. The Chicago suggestion that the Fair ought to be deferred until a later time than 1892, and that Congress ought to grant money as well as formally countenance the project, is reviled with sneers and jeers, and the great city of the West is told impressively that she has drawn a white elephant.

This is hardly according to the understanding. If we remember correctly, the New York orators in Washington disclaimed all jealousy or unfriendly feeling toward any contestant, and expressed the warmest desire to aid any rival in the great work if the choice should go against New York. At present, however, that disposition is apparently in abeyance. The proffers of interest, sympathy, and assistance, and the declarations that the marvellous child of the setting sun will easily outstrip the feats of Hercules in his cradle, are not so fervent as the eloquent speeches assumed. "The war, Mr. Speaker, does not come up to the manifesto."

It is, however, plain that if there is to be a Fair, it will require the utmost energy and industry of a united country to produce an exhibition which will surpass that of last summer in Paris. The standard was set there, and it will not be reached or excelled by gibes and indifference between New York and Chicago. We confess that we do not see what can be done about it. Perhaps a "compromise" might be suggested in the form of an American instead of an International Fair. That would be a graceful if somewhat belated admission by Chicago that a great seaport is most suitable for a World's Fair, while New York might courteously concede that an American Fair could not be held more fitly than in the city which is in itself one of the most prodigious products of America.

AN IMPORTANT BILL.

Mr. Lodge has introduced a bill providing for the appointment of fourth-class postmasters. There is no great public department which grows more rapidly, and which requires thorough reorganization more stringently, than the Post-office. It is the greatest of public business conveniences. Its duty is to receive and distribute promptly and accurately to every part of the country letters, newspapers, books, periodicals, and many kinds of portable merchandise. There is no political way of doing this, and the routine of the work does not change with the administration. Politics have nothing to do with it; and when they are brought into it they injure the work.

The bill introduced by Mr. Lodge divides the country into postal districts, and authorizes the Postmaster-General to appoint an inspector for each district.

> "Whenever a fourth-class postmaster is to be appointed in any of these districts, the district inspector shall give notice of this fact. Each candidate shall, in addition to his application papers, furnish a certificate signed by three citizens, declaring their belief that the applicant is a suitable person for the office, and no such certificate shall be signed by any person holding any Federal or State office. The inspector shall then send to the Postmaster-General all the papers received, together with a report, in which he shall grade all the applicants in the order of their fitness for office, according to the information obtained by him and from his inquiries. The Postmaster-General, upon receiving the report from the inspector, shall then appoint one of the candidates so reported. The Postmaster-General and the inspector shall prevent, as far as possible, any person from disclosing the political connections of any applicant. No appointment of a fourth-class postmaster shall be absolute until he has served one year on probation."

Honestly administered, this scheme gives every applicant an equal chance; and instead of the present system of appointment by the favor of the Representative of the district in Congress, it provides a system of selection by fitness and qualification. It has the merit, also, of confining the selection and appointment to the executive branch of the government, without reference to the legislative branch, which is unquestionably the Constitutional intent. The plan, however, like every plan, is susceptible of evasion and abuse, and it provides, like every plan, only indirectly against arbitrary removal. But it would be a very great improvement upon the present method; and the passage of such a bill by Congress would be a subject of general congratulation.

THE WELCH MEMORIAL FUND.

Everybody who knows the story of Philip H. Welch, the writer whose charming humor and sparkling gayety were the source of such constant and harmless pleasure, and who died a year ago in great suffering, but still smiling and making others smile, will rejoice to hear that the subscription for his family has been very generous, and that a sum of $25,000 has been placed in trust for his widow and children. It is the contribution of Mr. Welch's comrades in letters and of a multitude of distinguished citizens, who have thus gladly testified both their admiration for the heroic writer and their sympathy for those whom he has left. The happy result is largely due to the intelligent, persistent, and affectionate interest and energy of Mr. Edward P. Clark, of the *Evening Post*, and to the widow of Mr. Welch not the least valuable part of the result must be the tributes of high appreciation and hearty regard which accompany the gift, and which show the strong hold which her husband had taken of many hearts.

"PLEASANT ALL ROUND."

The letter from a very large number of citizens of Boston to the late Collector Saltonstall, upon his removal by President Harrison, was very significant. The signatures were those of the most representative men of every interest in the city, of all parties and views and pursuits. They commended the retiring Collector upon his conduct of the Custom-house, "for the first time in a generation" with freedom from partisan influence, "on business principles, by business methods, and by men trained in those principles and methods." Trusting and expecting that his successors will maintain the high standard that Mr. Saltonstall has raised, the signers of the letter credit him with the honor due to the pioneer.

The whole country is indebted to Mr. Saltonstall for the demonstration that the collectorship of Boston is not, as Senator Hoar calls it, a political office, and for showing that the principles of the conduct of the public service which the Republican platform of 1888 warmly commends, with a demand for their general application, are not only practicable, but productive of the best results. The President, also, although consenting to make spoils of the office, in deference to the alleged persistence of Senators Hoar and Dawes, must yet feel grateful to the officer who has illustrated to the satisfaction of all men the wisdom of the President's declaration that "fidelity and efficiency should be the essential test in appointment, and that only the interest of the public service should suggest removals from office."

The removal of Mr. Saltonstall by the author of this truthful remark has had the good effect of illustrating conspicuously to the country the truth of another remark by the same author, in which he describes such acts as Mr. Saltonstall's removal as "the frank and bold, if brutal, method of turning men and women out simply for political opinion." The platform of Mr. McKinley bitterly reproached misguided citizens who thought it possible that a Republican President could be capable of such conduct.

PERSONAL.

The annual income of John D. Rockefeller, the founder and head of the Standard Oil Company, is said to be about $6,000,000, which is equivalent to an accumulation of nearly $750 an hour. He gives away large sums for charitable and religious objects, but even with the demands made upon his generosity he is not likely to be beggared for some time to come. Mr. Rockefeller is fifty years old, and so thoroughly unpretending in his living and manners that no one meeting him in his daily routine would find an intimation of his tremendous business success. He was born in Cleveland, Ohio, and was modestly embarked in the produce business in that city before he literally "struck ile."

—Miss Amelia S. Given, of Mount Holly Springs, Pennsylvania, an heiress who is described as young and fair, has given the little mountain village where she was born a free library. The building is of the modern renaissance style, while the rooms are finished in Moorish designs and fitted with modern conveniences and comforts. A generous patronage of the library by the villagers has already shown how thoroughly they appreciate the gift.

—A very interesting collection of drawings in black and white by Alfred Parsons and Edwin A. Abbey is now on exhibition at Reichard & Co's., 226 Fifth Avenue. They comprise the originals of Mr. Parsons's illustrations to Wordsworth's sonnets published in Harper's Magazine, and of Mr. Abbey's illustrations of *Old Songs* and *The Quiet Life*. Their beauty, delicacy, and exquisite finish have been felt by thousands of art-lovers in both hemispheres; and as these originals are now offered for sale, the opportunity to possess some of them is likely to be eagerly and extensively embraced.

—The Czar of Russia owns about fifty million acres of land, and may claim to be the largest real-estate owner in the world.

—Emperor William probably has a grudge against the Sultan of Turkey, as he has sent him a gift of twenty-four kettle-drums for use in his army, which has gotten along very well through all these centuries without such implements of warfare.

—Sir Robert Hart, one of the most influential men in the Chinese Empire, was a student in Queen's College, Belfast, when ex-President McCosh, of Princeton, was a professor there. Young Hart was graduated with high honors, but, being too poor to study for a profession, he obtained a place in the consular service in China. He rose to be a high mandarin, and was in time appointed British Ambassador. Queen Victoria made him a Baronet in recognition of his valuable services, and he has now established a university for the education of the Chinese.

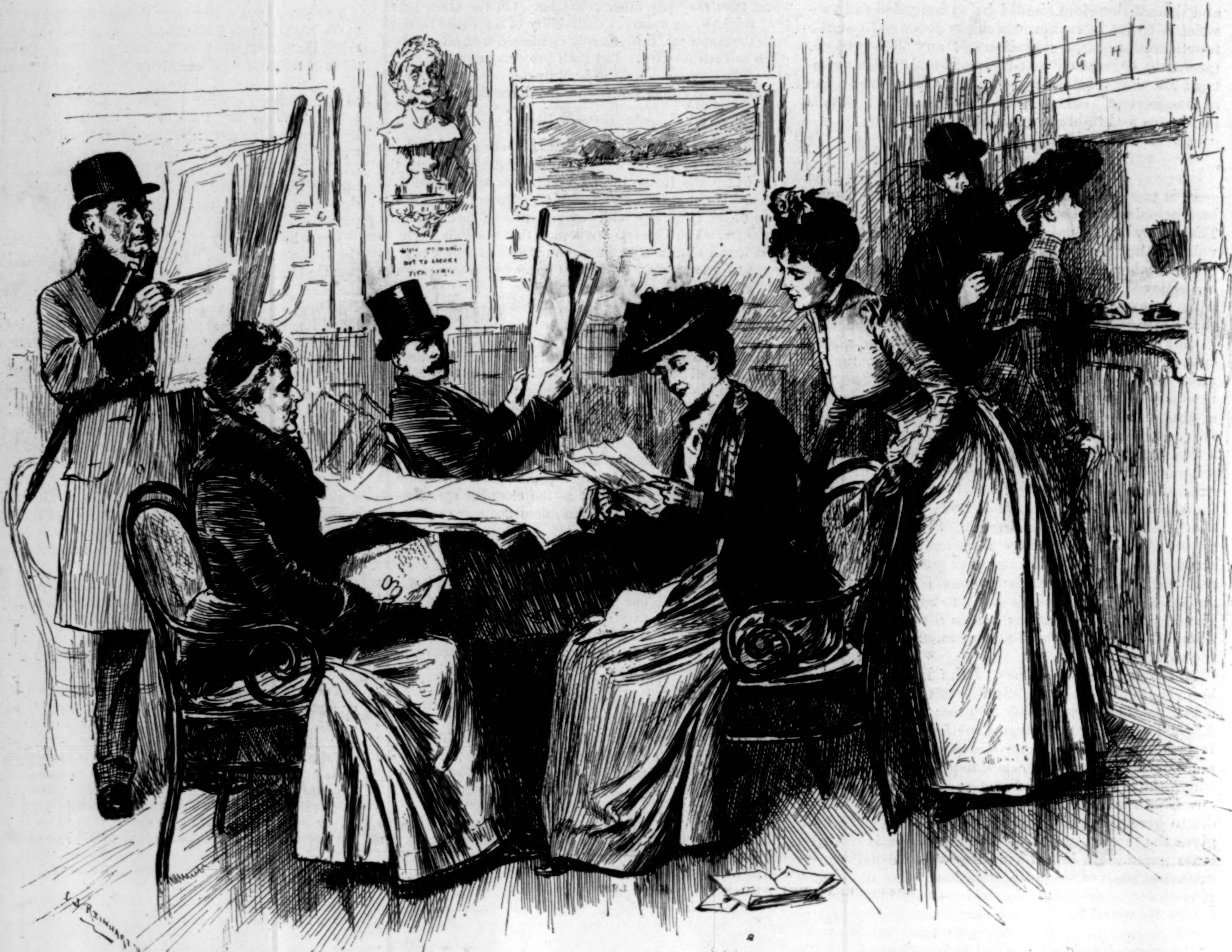
—Edwin Arnold is making a long stay in Japan, and has begun to learn the language, while Robert Louis Stevenson has bought a plantation of several hundred acres near Apia, Samoa, and talks of making the island his future home.

—The late Rev. Dr. Anderson, of Rochester, was a man of fine presence, and in his prime possessed the strength of a giant. When President of Rochester University he not infrequently checked college rows by mingling with the combatants and adopting physical force till moral suasion could be brought into play. His resemblance to Garibaldi was so striking that when in Italy at one time he was enthusiastically cheered by supporters of the great liberator, who mistook him for their leader.

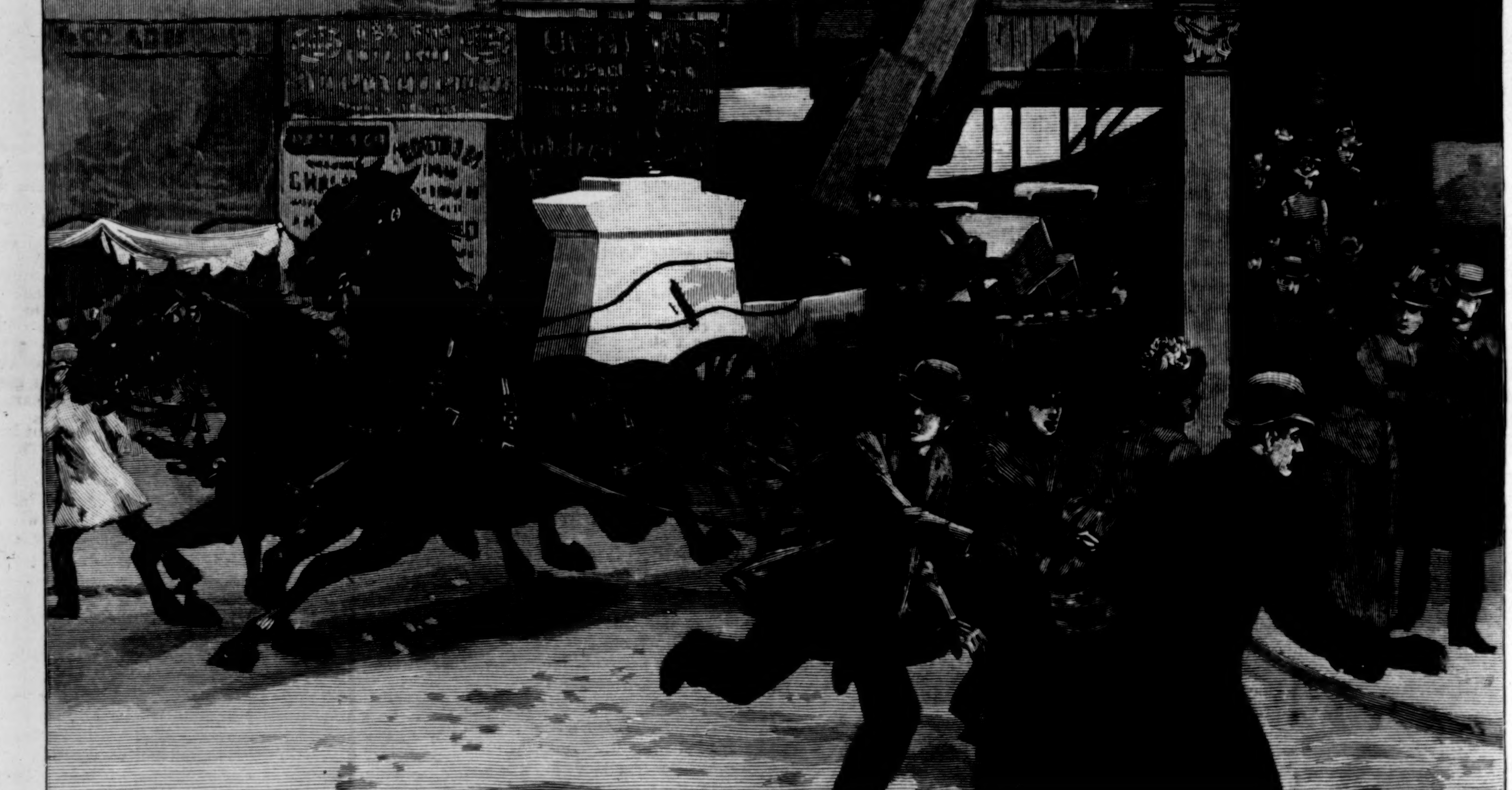
—John Caldwell, a veteran of the 1812 and Florida wars, has just died in the Soldiers' Home in Kearney, New Jersey, at the age of one hundred and six years.

—Edwin Booth has generously contributed $1000 toward a fund in memory of Mrs. J. R. Vincent, the actress, which is being raised at Boston to provide free beds for working women and girls in one of the hospitals of that city.

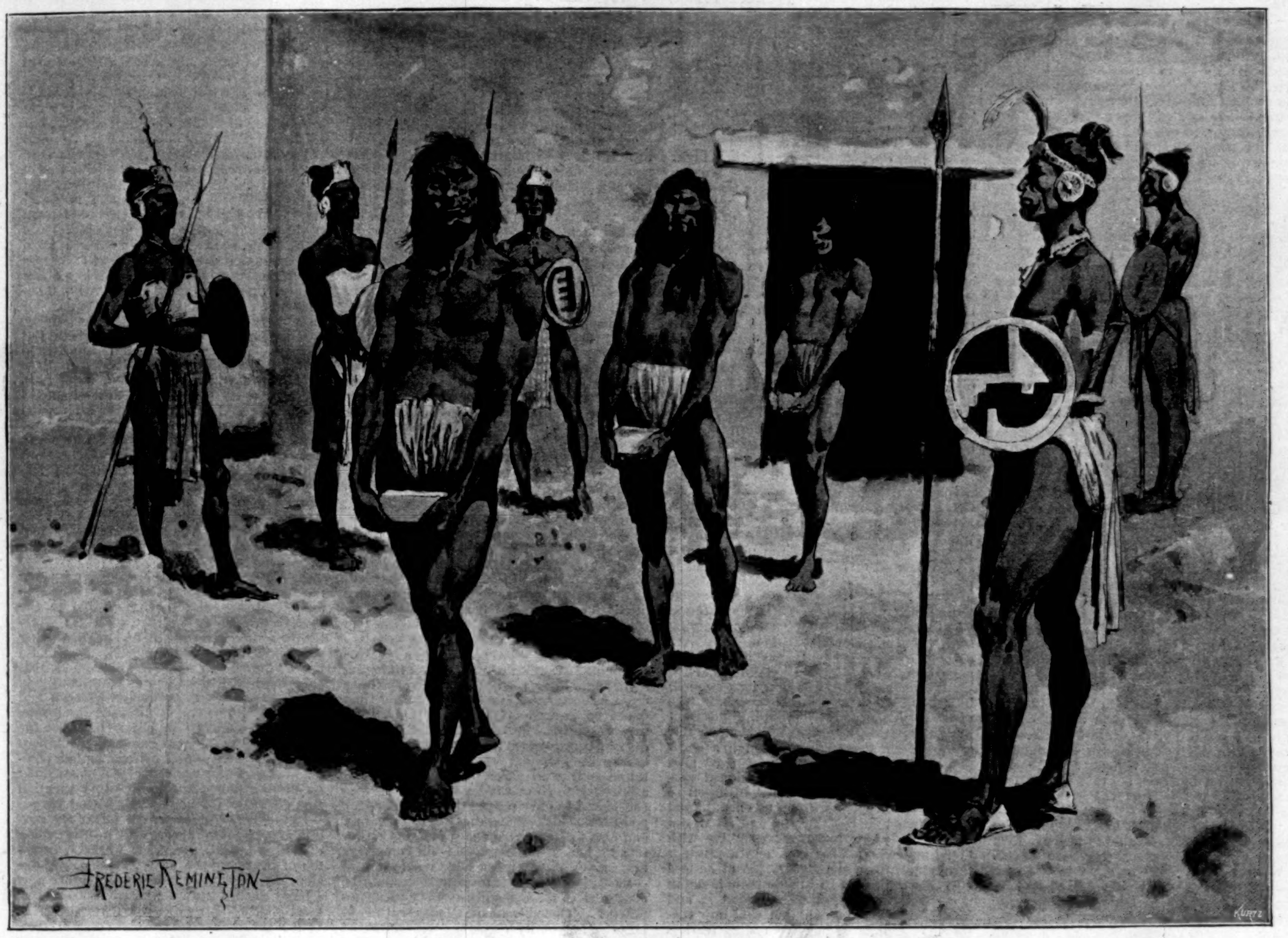
—Ralph Disraeli, a brother of the late Earl of Beaconsfield, has just resigned his place in the House of Lords as Clerk of Parliaments, after being for forty-nine years in the British civil service.



AMERICANS ABROAD—READING LETTERS FROM HOME AT THE BANKER'S.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 210.]



A RUNAWAY ON THE BROOKLYN SIDE OF THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE.—Drawn by John Durkin.—[See Page 211.]



"THESE CREATURES WHO WERE TRULY LESS LIKE MEN THAN DANGEROUS WILD BEASTS."

THE AZTEC TREASURE-HOUSE.*

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

XXV.—THE GOLD MINERS OF HUITZILAN.

As we rounded a mountain spur that extended a long way out into the lake, a deep bay opened to us; which bay ran close in to the cliffs whereby the valley was surrounded, and was at no great distance from the Barred Pass through which we had made our entry. At the foot of the bay, built partly upon the level land near the water-side, and partly upon the steep ascent beyond, was the town of Huitzilan: whereof the most curious feature that at first was noticeable was a tall chimney, whence thick black smoke was pouring forth, that rose above a stone building of great solidity and of a very considerable size.

On archæological grounds, the sight of this chimney greatly astonished me; and Rayburn, who was a very well read man in all matters connected with his profession, was greatly astonished by it also; for the chimney obviously was a part of extensive reduction-works, and we both knew that such complete appliances for the smelting of metal as seemed from this sign to exist here were supposed to be the product of a high state of civilization in comparatively modern times. As for Young, he declared that the chimney gave him a regular jolt of homesickness; for, excepting that it was built of stone instead of brick, it might have been for the look of it transplanted hither directly from the region of the Back Bay. "I s'pose we'll be hearin' th' noon whistle, next," he said mournfully; and presently he added: "Do you know, Professor, I b'lieve I'm beginnin' t' see daylight in all this tall talk you say th' Colonel has been givin' us about th' 'rebellions,' as he calls 'em, that go on here. He don't mean to close our eyes up, th' Colonel don't, for he's a first-class gentleman; but, bein' born an' bred a heathen, he don't know any better. What he's tryin' t' tell us about, an' can't because he don't know th' English for it, is *strikes*. That's what's th' matter. Miners are bound to go on strikes. It's their nature an' they can't help it. That chimbly gives th' whole thing away. You just tell th' Colonel that we've got down t' th' hard-pan an' really know what he's been drivin' at. An' t' think of there bein' strikes in Mexico! I didn't b'lieve that a Greaser had backbone enough, or ambition enough, t' strike at anything!"

However, as I had no great amount of faith in Young's theory, I did not attempt to translate to Tizoc what he had said to me; nor was there any opportunity for further talk at that time. Already the foremost boats of the flotilla had made a landing at a well-built pier that extended from the shore into deep water; and a minute or two later our boat also pulled in to the pier and we disembarked. The general view of the town that I then had showed me that it was closely built over an area rather more than half a mile square; that the houses for the most part were mere hovels, of which the largest could not contain more than two small rooms; and that the few houses of a better sort were within the strong stone wall by which the reduction-works also were enclosed. At the pier where we landed a boat was in process of lading with bars of gold for transport to the Treasure-House in the city; and I thought that I never had seen anywhere more savage-looking fellows than the almost naked laborers by whom the work of lading was carried on. Physically these men were magnificent creatures—tall and well shaped and vigorous, and the ease with which they handled the great bars of gold showed how enormous must be their strength. But so full of venomous hate were the sullen looks which they cast upon us, and so savage was the effect of their coarse, dishevelled hair falling down over and partly veiling their great glittering eyes whence these angry glances were shot forth at us like poisoned darts, that I was thankful to see that, all told, there were not more than a dozen of them, and that three times as many heavily armed soldiers served as their guard. And looking at these creatures, who were truly less like men than dangerous wild beasts, I could not wonder at the grave concern which Tizoc had manifested at thought of the risk which we ran in taking them for allies. "It's as easy t' start 'em," Young said, when he came to an understanding of the situation, "as 'tis t' start a freight train down a three per cent. grade. But what I want to know is: when we want 'em t' stop, how in th' h—ll are we ever goin' t' set th' brakes?"

Yet, dangerous to ourselves though the use of it must be, our hopes of success rested mainly upon our ability to control and to employ effectively this savage material. Fortunately, it was not the whole of our reliance; and it was our intention to leaven this dangerous lump with the very considerable number of trained and trustworthy soldiers that we had available as the substantial nucleus of our fighting force, and also with the larger body of both slaves and freemen—not regularly drilled soldiers, to be sure, yet many of them trained in the ways of war—that we counted upon to join us from among the people at large.

This outline of the plan of action that the Council had determined upon was exhibited to us by Tizoc during our passage down the lake; and I was glad to find that Rayburn—for whose judgment I had much respect in such matters—was disposed to think well of it.

"If I expected to stay here, Professor, after the row was over," he said, "I mightn't be quite as well satisfied with this plan of theirs for running things. The war part of the programme is all right. They won't have any difficulty in getting their Tlahuicos to fight anything in the way of an army that the Priest Captain shows up with. Fighting is just what will please them more than anything else. Where the trouble is going to come in is when the fighting is over and they go in for reconstruction. It's one thing to make fighters out of this sort of stuff, but it's quite another thing to make respectable citizens out of it. That's where the hitch will be. But as we don't intend to settle down in this valley—unless we find that there's no way out of it—we needn't bother about that part of the performance at all. That's their funeral; not ours. So, for my part, the sooner they get their army in shape and get the fighting part settled, the better I'll be satisfied."

To do the members of the Council justice, they seemed to be even more eager than Rayburn was to forward the work that they had in hand. From the pier they went directly to the enclosure in the centre of the town within which was the building ordinarily occupied by the Commandant of the post and by the officials of the civil government; and in this place, Tizoc informed us, they intended immediately to organize the new government, and then to proceed with all possible despatch to make arrangements for placing an army in the field.

In Tizoc's company, but more leisurely, we also went on to the Citadel—as we found the enclosure about the smelting-works was called—where comfortable quarters had been provided for us in the same building wherein the Council was housed. Here we waited, in somewhat strained idleness, while the Council carried on, in a chamber not far removed from us, its exciting work of destroying a government that had endured for more than a thousand years; and we were mightily surprised, knowing how prodigious was the change that then was being wrought in ancient institutions, by observing how quietly it all went on. The murmur of talk that came to us, unchecked by any intervening doors, had no sound of excitement or of anger or of violent emotion of any sort; and I could not but hold in admiration the calm, self-contained natures of these men who thus equably and rationally could deal with such vastly weighty affairs.

While this great matter—which could end only in wild commotion and fierce battling—went forward in this quiet way, Tizoc opened to us much that was of curious interest touching the near-by gold mine and they who mined the gold. Of the existence of the mine, he said, the Aztlanecas had remained ignorant for many generations after their coming into the valley; and for many more generations but little gold had been taken from it, because the metal was of no value to his people save for the making of ornaments. But when the process had been discovered by which this metal could be hardened, and so made serviceable for all manner of useful purposes—and this the more because by the manufacture that then ensued of tools wherewith the rock could be easily worked mining in a large way became possible—the development of the mine upon a great scale had been begun, and had been continued upon a constantly increasing scale from that time onward. All the earth beneath where we then were, he said, was honey-combed with passages which followed the several veins; and of these there seemed to be no end at all, for ever as each vein was exhausted another not less rich was found; and thus it seemed as though all the substructure of that great mountain range were one huge mass of gold.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1722.

What the measures of weight were with which he estimated the annual output of the mine, I could not clearly understand; but the matter was made approximately plain to us by his statement that the daily product of the mine never was less than one of the great bars of gold that we had seen upon the pier in process of carriage to the Treasure-House; and that sometimes, when veins of extraordinary richness were encountered, even so much as four of these bars had been smelted from the ore that the mine yielded in a single day.

"Those bars don't weigh an ounce less than two hundred pounds apiece," Rayburn said, when I had translated to him what Tizoc had told me. "That makes the output of the mine not less than three tons a month—and, in a rough way, a ton of gold is worth just about half a million of dollars. If the Colonel isn't mixed in his figures, and if you've translated him straight, Professor, these fellows are taking out somewheres in the neighborhood of twenty millions a year."

Young gave a long whistle. "Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "That just is an all-fired big pile of money t' be wasted on a lot of bare-legged heathen critters like these, who don't know th' Ten Commandments by sight, an' who've never even heard of a cocktail! D'you know what I'm goin' t' do, Rayburn, when I realize on this investment? I'm goin' t' buy th' Old Colony Railroad, just for th' sake of bein' able t' bounce th' Superintendent! He bounced me, after that freight smash-up—and it wasn't my fault that th' operator got mixed an' gave me th' wrong orders—and I'll give him a taste o' th' same kind. Won't it just paralyze him when he gets his orders t' quit, signed 'Seth Young, President,' an' finds out it's th' same old Seth Young who used t' run Thirty-two on th' Fall River division?"

"Hadn't you better let him down easy by telegraphing him right now to begin to look out for a new place?" Rayburn asked. "We'll wait for you here, while you step over to the Western Union office"—which cool comment upon Young's enthusiastic discounting of a bright future brought the gloomy present so clearly before his mind that his castle-building ended suddenly, and he lapsed into silence.

But great though our wonder was at the prodigious quantity of precious metal that this mine yielded in each year, and amazed though we were by thought of the vast store of treasure that the valley now must hold, I, for my part, felt a far deeper interest in what Tizoc went on to tell us concerning the men by whose toil the treasure had been accumulated. And, truly, so bitter and so dreary was the life of the Tlahuicos who were forced to labor here unceasingly, and through so long a period had they been thus cruelly dealt with, that it seemed to me there must rest upon all the Valley of Aztlan a heavy curse that only some signal act of expiation could remove. And the coincidence struck me as most curious that here among the Aztecs, wrought by themselves upon the men of their race, should be found identically the same cruelties which the Spaniards practised upon the Indians whom they enslaved as miners in New Mexico; whereof came that fierce outburst of revolt two hundred years ago, when the Pueblos ravaged with sword and flame the whole valley of the Rio Grande from Taos to the Pass of the North.

There was small ground for wonder that the Tlahuicos, thus crushed by over-heavy labor, and dealt with as though they were not men but dangerous wild beasts, should cherish at all times in their breasts a sullen fire of mutiny; nor that on every occasion at all favorable to their purposes there should spring forth from the glowing embers of their hatred a vivid and consuming flame. Only by the strength and the vigilance of the guard that constantly was maintained over them was their tendency to rebellion held in check; and even the guards could not prevent frequent outbreaks—which ended only in the cruel slaughter of all concerned in them—so passionately eager was the longing of these desperate creatures for revenge.

Only once, a vastly long while past, Tizoc said, had success attended an effort on the part of the Tlahuicos to release themselves from their cruel slavery; and that they then eluded the vigilance of their masters was due to their employment of strategy against force. The whole matter, he continued, was now but a half-remembered tradition; yet the main details of it were clear. In that far-back time, a vein of extraordinary richness had been followed for a very long distance in the direction of the Barred Pass; and, as the event proved, the gallery was carried beyond the bars, passing far beneath them, and so went onward, steadily rising, until an outlet was had into the cañon. That the secret of this outlet might be kept among the men who had opened it, these slew the guard that watched over them, and thrust his body out into the cañon, thus most effectually placing it beyond the reach of the search that would be made for it; and the opening that they had made they closed carefully, and continued a little way onward into the rock the gallery in which they were working: so that the superintendent of the mine might see clearly (what indeed was the truth) that the vein of ore had been followed to its end.

Tizoc knew not how long a time passed before the Tlahuicos made use of the way of escape thus opened to them; but their flight could not have been taken hastily, because it included a very great number of them, and included also carrying with them large quantities of arms for warfare and of useful household stores. He could say certainly no more than that when all their well-laid plan was ready to be executed, they rose against the soldiers which guarded them with such suddenness and brave violence that they succeeded in seizing and in holding the Citadel; which gave no cause for grave uneasiness, for the officers of the force thus for a moment driven off thought that because of their retiring within so narrow a place they speedily must surrender for dread of being starved there; and it was held to be but a sign of their still greater simplicity—since thus would there be more hungry mouths to fill—that they carried their women and children with them into the stronghold where they lay besieged.

But so strange was the desolate silence that hung over the place into which so great a multitude had retired that the besiegers presently were moved by it to a wonder wherein was a strong feeling of awe; and still greater was the marvel that they had to ponder upon when, at last, meeting with no opposition, they broke in the grating that barred the entrance to the Citadel and found within the enclosure not one single living soul! And so cleverly had the fugitives closed the way behind them that a long while passed before it was known certainly what had become of this living host that, as it seemed, in a moment had vanished from off the face of the earth. More than half a lifetime went by without the shedding of light upon this mystery; and it seemed as though a ghost had risen when one day a very aged man came forth from that long-abandoned passage in the mine and surrendered himself to the first of the guards whom he encountered—and then told that he was a priest whom the fleeing rebels had carried captive with them, and whom they had held a prisoner through all these many years. And he told also how the rebels had made their home in a certain fair valley that was shut in and hidden among the mountains; and how that they had built a great city—resting fearless in the conviction that they were safe from harm. By the heavy toil that had been needful to open anew the way into the mine from the cañon, the little remnant of strength in this old man's body had been exhausted; and presently, having told his story, he died.

Then it was that the Priest Captain and the Council who ruled in that ancient time, having assured themselves by the sending out of spies that all which the old man had told them was true, planned to bring upon the rebels a very terrible vengeance; which was to drown them all in their city by letting loose upon them the waters of a mighty lake. And this plan, though its accomplishment was not arrived at until two full cycles had passed away, so mighty was the labor that it involved, at last was executed: and in one single day every living creature in all that valley was overwhelmed by the flood let loose into it; and where so great a mass of teeming life had been there remained thereafter only the desolate silence and stillness of universal death.

It was with long-drawn breaths that Fray Antonio and I listened to Tizoc's telling of this tradition; which in many ways was far more real to us than it possibly could be to him. For we but lately had passed through that death-stricken valley—and ourselves had been like to die there—and every feature of the scene, that he could but vaguely describe to us, we had clearly in our minds. And thus we came to know the full meaning of the great catastrophe whereof we had seen the outworking, both in the destruction wrought by it and the way of its accomplishment, but of which we had divined no more concerning its cause than that in some way it must have resulted from a slowly worked out vengeance prompted by a most malignant hate.

XXVI.—THE GATHERING FOR WAR.

Although the whole of the discussion of their plan of revolt was carried on by the Council with so calm a gravity, there was enough of energy and of quick movement when their deliberations came to an end; and we augured well of the result because they thus had delayed their action until their plan for making it effective had been fully matured. The whole of that first day in Huitzilan, and much of the following night also, were given to arranging clearly what must be done in order to set up a temporary government and to get an army together, and how well this preliminary work was accomplished was shown by the precision and celerity with which the plans then made were executed during the immediately ensuing days.

During this period we had ample time to look around us; and, being now upon a most friendly footing with the strange people among whom we thus strangely found ourselves, we were heartily aided—so far as this was possible because of the exigencies of that stirring time—in investigating the manner of their lives. The material then was obtained for my chapter on the "House Life and Domestic Customs of the Aztecs"; and the knowledge which Rayburn gathered (also embodied in his own paper that attracted so much attention when read before the American Institute of Mining Engineers) he has permitted me to use in my chapter on "Mining and Metal-working among the Aztecs"; which two chapters are among the most noteworthy in my *Pre-Columbian Conditions on the Continent of North America.* Rayburn, indeed, was lost in wonder as he came to understand how far scientific investigation had been carried among this isolated people, and how well they had learned to apply their scientific knowledge to their practical affairs. In many matters, to be sure, they fell far behind the remainder of the civilized world; but a large part of the useful knowledge that has been gained by study under civilized conditions elsewhere, we found here also as the fruit of independent discovery. In many cases the discovery was identical in every respect with our own. Thus their process (the adding of hydrochloric acid to a neutral solution of auric chloride) for producing from gold a rich purple stain that was employed in the coloring of hard-wood and bone, was precisely that which Boyle mentioned in 1663; and, as nearly as I could determine the date, it was about that very time that they also first effected this combination. In the matter of hardening gold, and thereafter giving it all the qualities of tempered steel, they had made a step that was distinctly in advance of anything which our metallurgists had accomplished; and I am strongly inclined to the belief that—at least among the priests—knowledge had been gained of a process quite unlike that known to us for producing a gold fulminate. I was not so fortunate as to gain more knowledge of this matter than could be learned from hearsay; but from several sources I heard of the splitting asunder of a certain great rock by the Priest Captain—which wonder was accompanied by a thunderous noise and a gleam of flame and a bursting forth of smoke—whereby he was considered to have proved that the aid of the gods was at his command. But to my mind, and also to Rayburn's, the proof was rather that he had at his command—in some way that as yet our chemists have not fathomed—the aid of a gold fulminate that could be controlled in use as readily as we control gunpowder. That this agent, whatever it might be, was not easily available, was indicated by the fact that the Priest Captain never had given more than this single exhibition of the wonders which he could accomplish with it; and that it then had served his purpose well was shown by the obvious awe with which all who told me of it spoke of the dreadful havoc that thus visibly was wrought by what they termed the thunder of the gods.

Indeed, a very serious difficulty that the leaders of the revolution had to overcome was the unwillingness on the part of the people at large to defy the power of their spiritual chief; which feeling among the upper classes was mainly because disobedience to the Priest Captain was, in effect, heresy: while among the lower classes there was joined to a like horror of heresy a very lively dread of the punishment both temporal and spiritual that the Priest Captain could bring upon them because of his intimate relations with the supernatural beings by which the forces of the world were controlled.

Yet out of this condition of affairs arose an opportunity that Fray Antonio was not slow to make the most of. Our coming into the valley with news of the outside world that directly controverted the Priest Captain's claim to infallibility gave a great shock to the religious faith of the community, and so induced a willingness to listen to the preaching of a new and purer creed. And on the part of those of the Council who were organizing the revolution—among whom religion seemed to be regarded less as a vital fact than as a matter of political expediency—there was a strong disposition to encourage the spread of doctrines which obviously, by weakening the Priest Captain's hold upon the people, would increase their own strength. Therefore Fray Antonio found himself free to preach to this heathen multitude the glorious Christian faith; and that he was granted this most rare and signal opportunity—the like of which was not given even to the blessed Saint Francis himself—so filled and exalted his soul with a radiantly joyful thankfulness that he was as one transformed. And his holy enthusiasm, that thus made every fibre of his being vibrate with a grateful gladness, gave him also so eloquent a command of beseeching language that it was a living wonder to perceive how his inspired words penetrated into the minds, darkened by superstitious doctrines, of those to whom he spoke; and so sunk into their hearts and brought the restful happiness of the faith Christian to those who had known only the restless terror of idolatry throughout all their lives. Like a pure flame the doctrine that he preached ran through that host of the heathen, burning out from among them the impure creed whereby their souls had been held in a most cruel and desolate bondage, and giving in the place thereof the tender comfort of a saving Christian grace.

Yet the very fervor of Fray Antonio's preaching, and the strong hold that the gentle doctrine which he set forth took upon the hearts of the multitude, tended also to stir up against him a lively enmity among those who, refusing to hearken to him, remained steadfast in the ancient faith. Many such there were among us at that time in Huitzilan; but because of the strong hold that Fray Antonio had upon so many hearts, and also because of the countenance which the Council gave him, these did not venture to assail either him or his doctrine openly; yet, as I noted at times the evil glances which they shot forth at him—which surely would have killed him could he thus have been slain—I was filled with dread that hate so malignant as here was shown must surely find expression in a direct attempt upon his life. Fortunately, there no longer were any priests amongst us. Of these there had been a considerable number in Huitzilan upon our first coming there; but silently, one by one, they had disappeared—going, as we well knew, to join themselves to the force which the Priest Captain was gathering against the time when the issue between us would be settled by the arbitration of arms. And those who went from our camp to his must have carried with them news of the peril that menaced the ancient faith through the new faith that Fray Antonio preached so zealously in such burning words; for of his knowledge of what Fray Antonio was doing, and of his dread of what might therefrom result, we presently had proof in a way that filled our hearts with a very dismal fear.

All the while that this curious, and to me most interesting, conflict between a primitive and a highly developed religion went on, the more practical work went on also of establishing a new government, and of organizing an army whereby it might be maintained. So far as the setting up of a government was concerned, the matter was comparatively easy; for the majority of the Council had come out with us from Culhuacan, and these had but to adapt to the requirements of the new situation the governmental machinery that already was established and at their command. And they were surprised pleasurably by finding how readily this transformation was effected; for among the higher classes—from which classes the officials of the government exclusively were drawn—the feeling of hatred against the Priest Captain, begotten of his many acts of cruelty and oppression, was so strong that the opportunity now offered to turn against him was seized upon most gladly. In every town throughout the valley the emissaries of the Council were warmly welcomed; and presently the new government was established everywhere save in the capital city and in certain villages upon the lake border lying close beneath its walls.

The work of organizing an army, however, was a more difficult matter; for very serious obstacles, both moral and material, had to be overcome before we of the revolutionary faction could place an effective fighting force in the field. Of what I may term regular troops, that is to say, thoroughly drilled and disciplined soldiers, we could count upon but few; for, practically, the whole body of the army had remained faithful to the Priest Captain and was with him in Culhuacan. For the most part, also, the regular troops scattered through the garrisons of the various towns had betaken themselves immediately to Culhuacan upon the acknowledgment by the civil officers of these towns of the authority of the new government; and at the same time had departed with them nearly all the priests, and such few persons of the upper classes as desired the maintenance of the ancient order of things. The result of which general movement at least gave us the advantage of carrying on unmolested our own work of concentrating and organizing; and, so far, was a positive service to us.

As the nucleus of our army we had the corps that Tizoc commanded, the highly organized body of troops charged with the important duty of guarding the Barred Pass; and we had also the few hundreds of men who had come out with us from Culhuacan. From these sources we were able to draw officers to command the irregular force, largely made up of Tlahuicos, that the Council rapidly got together; while for the organizing of the main body of our troops, the savages who worked in the mine, the bold stroke was made of mingling them with the men who until then had been their most relentless enemies—the soldiers who had served as their guards. That this daring plan was successful—and it was successful—I think was due in great part to the fact that both guards and miners were led to accept the extraordinary fellowship that it created by a genuine shock of surprise; and before they had at all recovered from their astonishment their interests became identical through their common need of defending themselves against a common enemy. And, further, I am well convinced that the Tlahuicos had been in part prepared, before our coming into the valley, to join in the revolt that under any circumstances could not have been much longer delayed. In regard to this matter, Tizoc persistently evaded my questions; but I remembered very distinctly his curious hesitancy when he had told me of the effective part that the servile class could be made to take in the event of a rebellion; and I perceived many evidences of a secret understanding between him and certain of the miners during the time that the gathering for war was going on in Huitzilan. Therefore I inferred that the seeds of revolt which germinated so readily had been long since sown.

Of all the disabilities under which we then labored, the most serious was the lack of an adequate supply of arms. The great arsenal of the Aztlanecas was in Culhuacan; and thus nearly the whole of the supply of munitions of war in the valley was in the Priest Captain's hands. Fortunately, the shipment of hardened gold that we had intercepted—by landing at the pier whence in a few hours it would have been despatched to the Treasure-House—give us a good supply of raw material out of which spear heads, and the heads of darts, and swords could be made; and night and day the forges blazed in Huitzilan while the manufacture of these weapons went on. Of bows and arrows, it was not possible to make many in that short time; but of slings there was no difficulty in making enough to supply our entire force—and among these people, who are wonderfully skilful in the use of it, the sling is a most deadly implement of war. We lacked time, also, to make any large number of shields, and our deficiency in this respect was regarded by Tizoc and by all the military officers who were with us as a most serious matter; for not only would our men without shields be the more easily slain in battle, but their fighting value would be lessened by their consciousness that they were without this piece of furniture that all savage races hold to be so necessary in war.

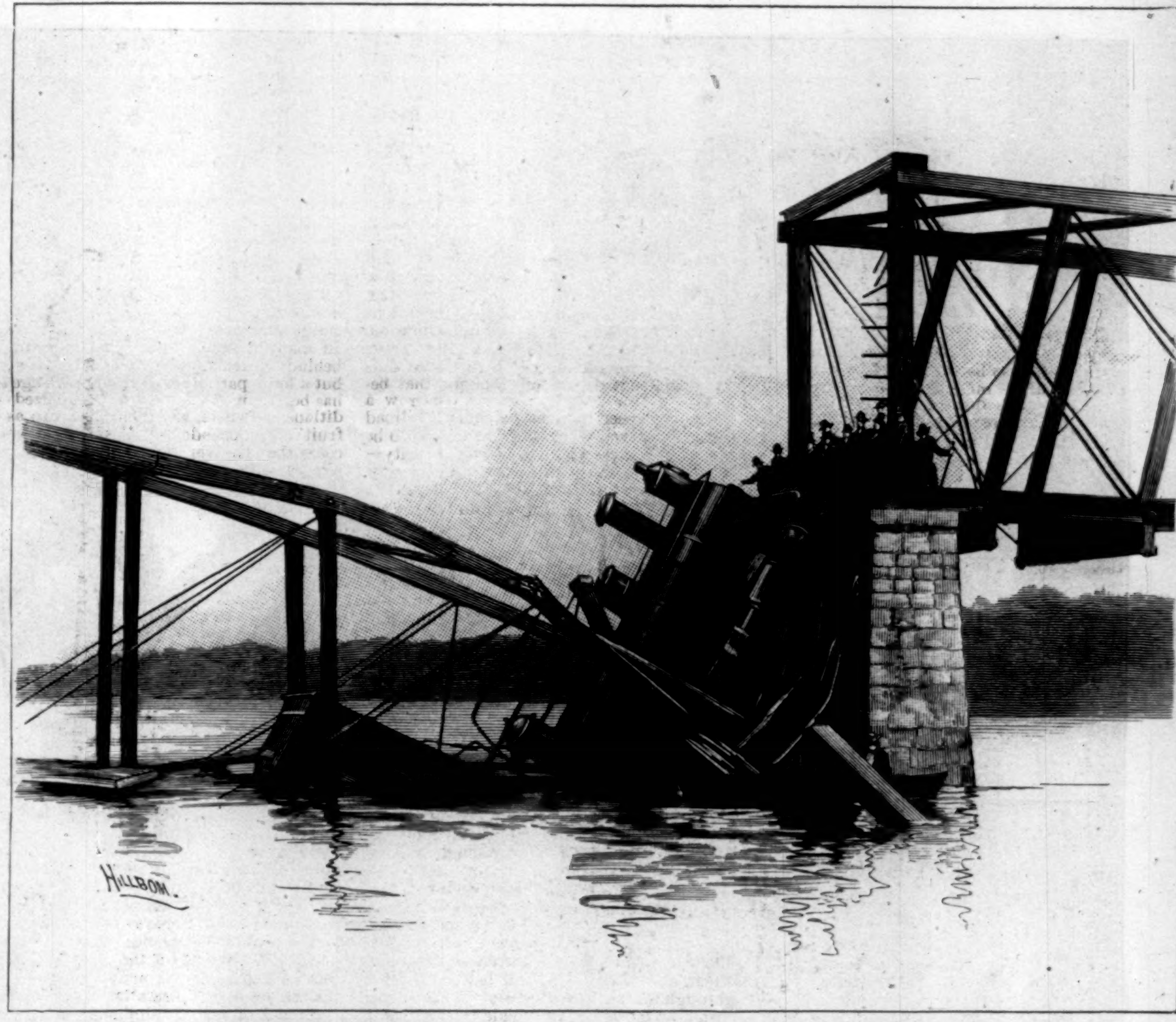
However, of defensive armor we had a good supply; for it chanced that in the Citadel there was a great store of cotton cloth suitable for making long kirtles of many thicknesses of cloth quilted together; which kirtles were arrow-proof, and well protected a man from his neck downward almost to his knees. Young was disposed to think but lightly of this curious armor; but when Tizoc, to convince him of its utility, demonstrated its power to resist a well-pointed arrow shot at very short range, he was forced to confess its entire applicability to the purpose for which it was designed.

"Tell th' Colonel that I give in, an' think it a first-rate notion, Professor," he said. "But if you can get it into his head, an' I'm afraid you can't, just tell him that when this barelegged army of ours gets fitted out with those little night-shirts they'll look for all th' world like a lot o' fellows who've scrambled out of a hotel that's caught fire in th' middle o' th' night. All that 'll be wanted t' make th' thing perfect 'll be a couple o' steam fire-engines, an' a crowd with all their clothes on, an' a line of policemen. I guess it's goin' t' be one o' th' funniest lookin' armies that was ever seen outside of a lunatic asylum. What I'd like to do, Professor, instead of tryin' t' do any fightin' with it, is just t' take th' whole outfit back t' th' States an' make a show of it. I'd get Benito Nichols t' go in with me—he's a first-class man, Benito is, an' he's a boss hand as a show manager—an' we'd call it 'Th' Aztec Warrior Army an' Circus Combination,' an' we'd just rake in th' dollars quicker'n we could count 'em. That makes me think of that show we were talkin' about makin' with Pablo an' his burro." Young's voice changed as he spoke and there was a huskiness in it as he added: "I s'pose by this time there ain't much left for show-makin' purposes of either of 'em. No, I guess I'll stay around an' take a hand in any fightin' that's goin' on; for I'd pretty near be willin' t' be killed right away after it myself for th' chance t' square things with that old devil for killin' our boy. He was a good boy, Professor, an'— - How this devilish dust does get into my eyes an' make 'em water!" With which highly irrelevant remark, for their was no dust blowing just then, Young suddenly ceased speaking and walked away.

This was the only time that we spoke of Pablo while we lay at Huitzilan, for talk about the boy only increased the bitter sorrow for him that was in all our hearts. As for my own heart, it was wellnigh broken as I thought that but for me his gentle life would still be flowing on smoothly, as I had found it flowing when in an evil hour I joined his fortunes with mine, and so had brought him to so untimely and to so cruel a death. And I too longed for the fighting to begin that I might avenge him; for the accomplishment of which vengeance I was not merely in part, but altogether ready to yield up my own life.

Indeed, excepting only Fray Antonio, who saw in warfare only the wickedness and the cruelty of it, we all were most eager for our inaction to end and for the battling to begin that would give us opportunity to let the life out of some of those by whom Pablo had been slain. It was with delight, therefore, that we noted the rapidity with which the preparations for the impending campaign were carried forward, and saw how each day the disorderly host that had been gathered at Huitzilan was changing from a confused mass of good fighting material into an organized body adapted to the needs of war. It was, in truth, astonishing to us—for we could not well comprehend how essentially warlike were the instincts of this people, and how quick, therefore, they must be in military matters—to observe the promptness that was shown in getting our army in readiness for the field. And with our astonishment came also a comforting conviction that the force that showed such steadiness in falling into organized form must surely hold well together and fight well together when the hour for fighting came.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE SCENE OF THE RECENT RAILWAY BRIDGE ACCIDENT AT PEORIA, ILLINOIS.

STRENGTH IN RAILWAY BRIDGES.

In a country made famous quite as much by the skill and ingenuity of its workers in iron as by the achievements of any other branch of human industry, it would naturally be supposed that railway bridges would be so constructed and maintained that accidents to them would be of rare occurrence. That this is far from being the case, however, is shown in the yearly record of railway accidents, the statistics of which indicate that the most appalling disasters occur on bridges or other elevated crossings. It is difficult to determine why this should be so, except on the general assumption of defective construction and inferior material. The recent disaster at Peoria, Illinois, where a span of a bridge over the Illinois River gave way under the weight of a freight train, is hardly explainable on this supposition. The bridge in question was supposed to be as safe as railway bridges can be made. It was constructed of iron, upon principles approved of by the best engineers in the country. It was inspected regularly by men employed for such purposes by the railway company that owned it, and as it had borne the weight of passing trains for years without sign of weakness, it was supposed to be perfectly safe. Yet there was a weak point somewhere about it, for a freight train rolled out upon it one night recently and crashed through into the river. Some of the train men lost their lives. The engineer was pinned in the wreck, apparently unhurt, with his head above the surface of the water, but while the rescuing party was trying to liberate him he died from the effects of cold and exposure.

The lesson to be learned from the breaking of this bridge is not a cheerful one, nor does it tend to increase the peace of mind of persons who travel on railway trains. If this costly and carefully constructed bridge gives way under ordinary pressure, with what feelings of apprehension must the traveller cross other bridges that may be no stronger, and, perhaps, not so apparently safe? The occurrence suggests not only a more rigid inspection by the railway officials, but also a governmental inspection similar in character to the inspection of steam-boats.

Theoretically the chief fault of bridge building is the employment of inferior engineers. Practically, however, there are other things to be taken into account. Under favorable conditions an inferior engineer may construct a good bridge, whereas under unfavorable conditions a good engineer may put up a weak bridge. In the last-named case there are sure to be circumstances over which the engineer has no control. The exigencies of railway building may require him to span a stream with a completed bridge in less time than ought to be required for the preparation of the foundations. When a railway company is laying track against time for the sake of protecting a right of way, or when it is seeking to head off a rival corporation, as often occurs in the Western States, the construction department cannot be expected to do its best work. The hastily constructed bridges and trestles are rarely rebuilt, because of the increased cost, although they may be strengthened from time to time, as circumstances seem to demand. Work of this kind is never actually safe.

Even with plenty of time at his disposal, the good engineer may build an unsafe bridge, by using poor material in parts subjected to the greatest strains. No man would do this knowingly; but in all bridge-building materials, and especially in iron, there are at times defects that the human eye cannot see. A defective iron girder or cross-beam may last for years before it yields to the jar and weight of passing trains. Usually defects can be detected by careful inspection before the material leaves the iron-foundry; but in cases where this is not done the bridge builder is often able to do it while the beams and girders are passing through his hands. If the defects escape the notice of both the manufacturer and the builder, they may be picked out by the railway inspector when the bridge is in position. If this be not done, there is little chance that the defects will be noticed until the bridge breaks.

It must be acknowledged that the average inspection of railway bridges is not what it should be. Too often the division road-master, who is rarely an expert, makes the inspection by passing over the line on a hand-car or construction train. He sees that the bridge is just where it was the last time he saw it, and for all that he can tell it is in exactly the same condition. He looks at it with a wisely critical air, pronounces it to be in first-rate shape, and goes on. The next train that comes along may crash through the bridge and kill a dozen men. The uncertainty of road-masters' inspection was strikingly shown a few years ago on a railway leading into New York. The new president of the road caused an expert inspection of the bridges to be made, with the surprising result that every bridge on the line was condemned as unsafe. The road-masters, however, had declared the bridges to be perfectly safe only a week or two before!

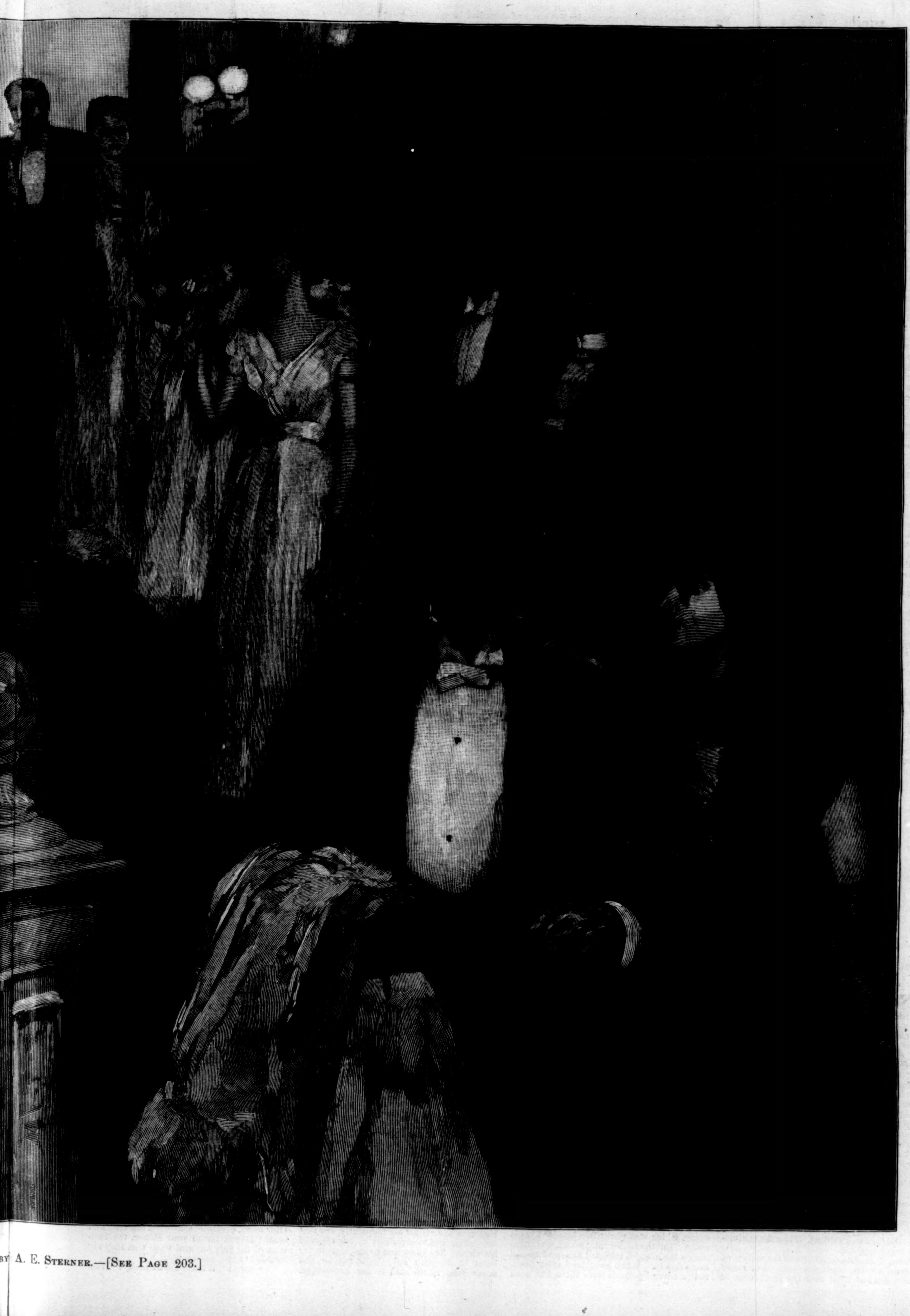
A good engineer will see to it that the bridge is constructed upon correct principles, that good material is used, and that the structure is carefully and properly put together. Strength is naturally the first consideration with a good engineer. Railway bridges are usually made ten times as strong as the necessities of the case demand. The great New York and Brooklyn suspension bridge has a strength only seven times in excess of the demand. With the maximum of strength in view, the railway bridge engineer seeks to secure a minimum of weight. Useless weight merely makes a bridge unnecessarily expensive, and adds nothing to its utility. A bridge may be made so heavy that it will fall of its own weight. It is the shape of the iron, more than the weight of it, that makes a bridge strong. Iron in tubular form or in T shape will stand a much greater strain than solid iron. Tubular bridges are growing in favor in all parts of the world, and are likely to become even more popular as the public demand for safer bridges grows more urgent.

The recently broken Peoria bridge, as shown in the illustration, gave way only at one end of a span. The rest of the span held together after it had fallen, which is a circumstance showing that the structure was originally very strong. The method of construction indicates that it was the work of a competent engineer. With expert inspection and timely repairs the bridge should have stood for many years.

AFTER THE OPERA.

When the opera is over there is no particular confusion and bustle on the part of the occupants of the boxes in going away. Some are content to prolong the conversation begun a long time before, and continued uninterruptedly throughout the performance, much to the disgust of the enthusiasts; while others hold impromptu receptions in the anterooms adjoining the boxes, or in the wide corridors. But all the time there is a continual stream passing up and down the broad staircase, a desultory dress parade of society, so to speak, while the reviewing officers stand in a row against the wall, and, noting all with critical eye, pass judgment upon the people, the opera, or the world in general. The stranger is almost tempted to inquire whether the wall-flowers take that position to see or to be seen; perhaps the advantageous position is chosen on account of its being able to combine both reasons. It is this time of the evening that Mr. Sterner so ably pictures. Through the open door at the head of the stairway the light from the well-lit house is streaming; but below, at the turn of the stairs, the light has grown dim and the faces are more or less in shadow. The group in the corridor above gives no sign of immediate departure, and the couples on the stairs are characteristic of the departing audience. There is a general listlessness about the ladies—one waiting to have her wrap adjusted, another leaning on the balustrade and surveying the scene with a languid air, while the third, who has reached the landing, looks back for a moment to catch the last glimpse of those above. There is more life and activity in the two men who ascend the stair, just emerging from the shadow beneath. They seek a friend, or go to join a party they had left before, and the contrast in the action of the respective figures going and coming is well preserved. The whole picture is just such a one as may be seen after the opera during the height of the season, and Mr. Sterner has faithfully reproduced the interior of the Metropolitan Opera-house, New York. Outside, the city street is dark and noisy, the carriages are rattling over the stones, and there is a general activity and bustle—the opera is over.

AFTER THE OPERA.—Drawn by A



BY A. E. STERNER.—[SEE PAGE 203.]

JUROR NO. 12.

I.

EVERYBODY knows that the trial of a man for his life is a thing of absorbing interest. It is the working out of the most difficult problem in criminal law. It usually exacts the best abilities of the lawyers engaged upon it, and receives the most careful and painstaking attention of the judge and jury before whom it is conducted. One of the most interesting and astonishing trials of this kind was that of the State *vs.* Rothman, which occurred about forty years ago. The case came on for trial at the August term of the Superior Court in one of the counties of western North Carolina in the year 1849. The case was never officially reported, for a sufficient reason, as will presently appear; and the proceedings in it were never literally preserved, there having been no stenographer in that part of the world taking testimony in court, as indeed there is not even to this day. But the trial judge, who was a painstaking man, took copious minutes of the trial, and as he ever afterward referred to this case as the most remarkable incident in his judicial career, he was careful to preserve them. "I thought," said he, when turning over the minutes recently for publication, "that I should some day prepare a history of the case for the benefit of the profession; but I am now old, and that duty has been kept unperformed by others more pressing; so I gladly give you my minutes in order that the main facts of so strange a case may be preserved." And this is the case:

The prisoner, George Rothman, a stalwart young man under thirty, was the only child of parents who were poor and respectable. That is to say, his father, who was a farmer, was obliged to rent the land he cultivated, and no charge of a criminal nature had ever been made against him; and his mother was a worthy old woman, who raised chickens for market, milked her own cow, made her own butter, went diligently about her own business during the week, and praised God in a calico frock, with a little black bonnet on her white hair, and a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles on her nose, on Sunday. George Rothman himself had spent the greater part of his life on the farm with his father. He had grown to be a fine-looking fellow, his broad shoulders, black hair and mustache, and flashing eyes being much admired by the country lasses in his neighborhood. He too had borne a good reputation, though he had sometimes subjected himself to censurable remarks by his drinking and merrymaking. There was apparently something of a spendthrift about him, and naturally there were some prophets thereabouts who had said he would come to grief. When he was arrested and imprisoned, however, the community was greatly shocked. Then a few of the prophetic souls came forth, saying "I told you so!" and the philosophical were heard to say, "There is no telling what dissipation will bring a man to"; and the moralists said, "If he had never fooled with whiskey, he had never come to this."

II.

The prisoner was arraigned upon an indictment containing three counts: one for burglary, one for murder, and one for arson. The penalty for each offence was death, and the indictment was drawn in this way probably to make more certain the execution of the supposed criminal; for if he avoided the death penalty under one count, he might still be convicted on another. A special *venire* of fifty men was ordered in his behalf. Three days after his arraignment his case came on for trial. The usual formal and tedious questions were put to the veniremen to test their suitableness to serve on the jury. The examination of one venireman in particular is worth notice, this man's name being August Merrifield.

"Mr. Merrifield, have you formed or expressed an opinion that the prisoner at the bar is guilty?" asked the prisoner's counsel.

"No, sir, I have not."

"Have you paid your taxes for the last year?"

"I have."

"Have you served on the jury in this court in the last two years?"

"No, sir."

"Are you a freeholder; that is, do you own land in your own right?"

"Well—well, I don't know about that, exactly—I don't know about that."

"Why, what is the reason you don't know?"

"Well, I own no farm land; but I own—er—a lot in the cemetery."

"That being the case, he would want to bury the prisoner, perhaps," said the judge, amid much laughter. "I suppose you do not own the cemetery lot absolutely, so you may stand aside."

The regular panel of jurors—thirty men—and the special *venire* were exhausted, and only eleven men had been selected for the jury.

"Summon a talesman," said the judge, impatiently. A deputy went among the spectators, and directly a broad-shouldered young man, with black hair, black eyes, black beard and mustache, appeared for examination. Without much ado he was accepted, and the jury was finished. Then the testimony was given.

Mary Flammer said she was the widow of John Flammer, lately deceased. For many years she had lived near the cross-roads in Peach Orchard township, near Squire McConnell's, and not far from the Walnut Grove Church. In the month of February, 1849, and about the 13th of the month, as well as she could remember, and about one o'clock in the morning of that day, she was awakened from sleep by a loud noise. Her bedroom was next a large sitting-room, from which the noise seemed to come. Her husband was in that room that night. She saw him there while she was locking up the house, and he was then asleep. He was then quite an old man, about seventy-five years of age, large, somewhat bald, and with gray hair and beard. He was an asthmatic, and was in the habit of sleeping occasionally in a large arm-chair before the fire in the sitting-room.

Hearing a repetition of the noise that awoke her, which was like the discharge of a gun, she sprang out of bed, and ran to the door between her room and the sitting-room. She opened the door quickly. To her horror she saw her husband lying on the floor, face downward, in a pool of blood. She screamed, and tried to throw herself upon the prostrate body of her husband, but a man, with a gun in his hand, intercepted her. He struck her in the face and knocked her down, saying, "Shut up, you noisy wench, or I'll shoot you!" This so terrified her that her next thought was one of personal safety, of escape from the murderous man. There was an old-fashioned hand-loom in the sitting-room, and she endeavored to crawl under this for shelter. Just as she had got on the inside of the loom, however, the man gave her a terrible blow on the head with the butt end of the gun, which knocked her flat upon the floor and made her unconscious. She lay there, how long she could not say, but at length was brought to consciousness by a sense of intolerable heat. The house was on fire, and the clothes upon her husband's body were in flames. She tried to get up, but could not. Somehow she dragged herself to her husband's body, and tried to smother the flames upon him with her hands and a rug that lay upon the floor. She partially succeeded, but burnt her hands dreadfully in the effort. Then she took hold of the body, and tried to drag it to a door opening into the yard. It was in vain. She had scarcely strength enough to move herself, and though she tried repeatedly to advance her husband's body in the desired direction, she fell back more exhausted with each succeeding effort, and without any success. By this time the house, which was frame, was fairly ablaze; burning timbers were beginning to fall around her, and she saw that it would be certain death for her to remain where she was longer. Hastily she crawled in despair and grief and fright across the floor to the outer door. There she paused and looked back at the body of her husband. The flames had spread over it again, and the floor around it was ablaze. There was a crash as she looked; the upper floor gave way, and a heap of burned timber fell upon the body and hid it from her view. Then she hastened through the door, down the steps, and across the yard for safety. The rain was pouring in torrents, the ground was covered with ice, and it was cold, very cold.

What happened after that, that night, she did not know.

In answer to further questions she said her husband was a farmer and cattle dealer, and was accustomed to keep a good deal of money about the house. At the time in question he had there about $300. She was certain of this, because she had seen him count the money that night, and heard him say he had about $300. He kept money on hand to pay the running expenses of the farm and to carry on his trade as cattle buyer. That he kept a good deal of money constantly on hand was known generally through her part of the county. She thought she could identify the man she had seen in her sitting-room and who struck her that night. She recognized the prisoner at the bar as that man. She was positive he was the man, "because," said she, "I got a good look at him as I ran under the loom, and said in my heart that if God should spare my life and bring me face to face with him again, I'd know him."

This concluded her direct examination.

Though closely cross-examined she did not deviate materially from this story, but rather strengthened it. She admitted she had suffered very greatly from the wound on her head, and from exposure on the night in question, that her skull had been fractured by the blow from the gun, and that part of it had consequently been removed, but she said she had suffered no impairment of mental faculties, and did not think her desire to see her husband's slayer brought to the scaffold had anything to do with her testimony as regarded the identification of the prisoner. She was certain he was the man who struck her on the head.

William McConnell, familiarly known as Squire McConnell, testified that on the morning of February 13, 1849, about half past one o'clock, as well as he could remember, he was awakened from sleep by the burning of Mr. Flammer's residence. The bright light of the burning building and the noise of falling timber attracted his attention as he awoke. He arose and hastily attired himself. He ran toward the Flammer residence, which was about two hundred yards away. But the falling rain, which was freezing on the ground, impeded him, and he had to go slowly. When he arrived at his destination several persons were there, but none of them had been able to enter the house, so far had the flames advanced. No one had seen or heard of either Mr. Flammer or his wife. Fears were expressed by some lest they had both been consumed in the flames. About this time, however, he heard what seemed to be a person groaning, and the sound came from a cotton patch near the house. Looking around, he found Mrs. Flammer lying between two cotton rows. She had on only her night-gown, which was frozen. Her frame was in a tremble, and she continued to groan pitifully, though she was apparently unconscious. He took off his overcoat and wrapped it about her. Then he took her in his arms and carried her over the slippery ground and through the rain to his house, where she was placed in a feather-bed and warmed with covering and whiskey. A messenger was despatched to town for a doctor, who came about daylight and gave her every needful attention. She remained unconscious three days. At the expiration of that time she spoke a few intelligible words, and the next day she told him what she knew about the burning of her house. "That was the first clew," said he, "we had to the cause of that disaster. Being a magistrate, I issued a warrant on the information she had given me, and had the prisoner arrested."

On cross-examination, he said the prisoner had stoutly protested his innocence at the preliminary hearing, and had ever since maintained that he was nowhere near the Flammer residence on the night of its destruction.

Harvey Wright, a constable, testified that on the third day after the burning of the Flammer residence he found a gun, the stock of which was cracked, in a hedge near the Walnut Grove Church. In the crack in the gun's stock were several long black hairs, apparently from a woman's head. He had the gun in court, and the jury could see it just as he found it. Both barrels were empty.

III.

The solicitor here arose, and announced that the State's testimony was concluded. Many eyes then turned toward the prisoner and his counsel. The case seemed plain and very strong for the State, and hopeless for the defence.

The prisoner himself went on the witness stand. Answering questions put to him by his counsel, he said that on the morning before the burning of the Flammer residence he had gone to see Mr. Flammer about the sale of some cattle. His father had some cattle he wanted to sell to Mr. Flammer. The last planting season had been very bad, money was scarce, and the cattle had to be sold to keep the family in supplies. Mr. Flammer would not buy the cattle. While talking with Mr. Flammer on this subject, a negro man came into the sitting-room, where they were, and spoke to Mr. Flammer about pay for labor on the farm. Mr. Flammer got up, went to the centre-table, took a white cloth bag full of money, and gave the negro some silver. The witness had seen that bag of money in Mr. Flammer's possession once or twice before, and knew by hearsay that he was in the habit of keeping considerable money in the house. That was the last time he ever saw Mr. Flammer. During the afternoon of that day he was hunting, and from eight o'clock to eleven that night he was at the house of Mr. August Merrifield, a neighbor, in conversation with Miss Maggie Merrifield, that gentleman's only daughter. He was not within three miles of Mr. Flammer's house on the night of its destruction. The morning after the fire, immediately after breakfast, he went to town, horseback, not having heard of the tragedy, and that was why he was not at the ruins with the neighbors trying to unravel the mystery.

Mary Rothman, the prisoner's mother, a benevolent-looking old lady, with white hair and gold-rimmed spectacles, testified that she had heard her son come in about eleven o'clock the night Mr. Flammer's house was burned, and heard him shut and lock the front door and go up stairs. She did not hear him go out of the house again that night, and she was sure that if he had gone out she would have heard him.

The solicitor: "But suppose, Mrs. Rothman, your son had taken his shoes in his hands and gone out noiselessly, do you mean to say you would have heard him then?"

"Oh, I know he would not go out that way, though," said she. "I am confident he did not go out."

"But suppose he *had* gone out that way, could you have known it?"

"Yes; but I know better; he didn't go out at all."

"You testify, then, that he did not go out again that night simply because you did not hear him go out; isn't that so?"

"Well, I know. He's my son, and I know he didn't go out any more that night."

Maggie Merrifield testified that George Rothman, the prisoner, was with her in the parlor of her father's residence until about eleven o'clock on the night of the burning of Mr. Flammer's house. She had noticed the clock on the mantel just as he went away, and was sure it was about the time she had mentioned.

On cross-examination she admitted that Rothman had visited her frequently, and that her father had complained to her often of his visits. She knew that he had been in the habit of drinking sometimes, but he had never been intoxicated to her knowledge, and had always been respectful in her presence.

The solicitor: "You and the prisoner at the bar have been and are engaged to be married, are you not?"

The prisoner's counsel: "I object to that."

The court: "What is the object of that question?"

The solicitor: "It is to show that she is an interested witness, and to affect her credibility."

The court: "For that purpose it is admissible."

The witness: "I am engaged to him, and have been for more than a year. It is true that my father and mother are bitterly opposed to the match, and both of them have lately expressed their surprise and grief that I have not broken the engagement in face of the charge that has been made against him; but I could not. I do not believe he is guilty."

She concluded almost in a sob, and the court-room was as still as death as she left the witness stand. Directly her little trim figure, pale face, and dark eyes appeared near the prisoner's counsel, and she sat down near the unfortunate young object of her affections and wept. Many eyes now turned in the direction of this unhappy couple in pity. For, alas, how hopeless the case seemed against the accused!

The clouds seemed to darken over the prisoner during the progress of the closing speeches. The prisoner's counsel, it is true, brought a little temporary sunshine into the dark case. He dwelt eloquently on the consistency of the theory and testimony set up on the prisoner's behalf. He urged that the prisoner could not have done the deeds charged against him; that he was at home while the Flammer house was burning; and especially he called attention to the fact that no trace of Mr. Flammer's money had ever been found on the prisoner, and it was plain that to get the money was the object of the perpetrator of the awful crimes—burglary, murder, and arson—that were charged in the indictment.

But the solicitor's speech soon extinguished the sunshine, and brought back the dark clouds over the case. He said that the plain, unmistakable facts were all against the accused; that Mrs. Flammer had positively identified him as the man who had fractured her head with a gun, and it was for the jury to say whether or not it was that person who broke into her residence, murdered her husband, and put the torch to the dwelling, and perhaps to the very corpse of one of the victims, in order that no tongue could ever tell who had done the dastardly deeds! "Of course," said he, "the prisoner's mother is certain the prisoner did not leave her house after eleven o'clock on the night in question, but you know, gentlemen of the jury, that her testimony is highly colored by her affections, that women of her age and habits sleep soundly often, and it is quite probable that the accused had gone out of the house, shoes in hand, noiselessly, so that his parents could not hear him. It is plain that after eleven o'clock that eventful night he had gone to the Flammer residence and committed the crimes with which he was charged."

At the conclusion of this speech, which was long, exhaustive, and convincing, the judge charged the jury. He called particular attention to the fact that the prisoner in going upon the witness stand to testify in his own behalf had put himself in the attitude of an interested person, that his testimony was to be taken guardedly, for the reason that his life was at stake, and he was naturally inclined to pervert the truth in his own behalf. Concluding, he said, "If, after considering the testimony of Mrs. Flammer, who swore positively to the identity of the prisoner, and the other evidence for the State, including the testimony showing the absence of the prisoner from his home and neighborhood on the morning after the perpetration of the alleged crimes, and the testimony for the defence, you have a reasonable doubt of the prisoner's guilt, you ought to acquit him; otherwise you ought to find him guilty. Take the case."

The jury then retired.

IV.

It was nightfall. The court adjourned. The prisoner's mother was in tears. His betrothed struggled with internal misgivings to maintain a cheerful countenance. She remained near him and engaged him in conversation till the deputy came to take him away, but then the self-imposed barrier to her natural feeling gave way, and she wept pitifully. The court-room presented a sad sight. Despair seemed to have settled upon every face, and it was a mournful procession that moved through the dim lamp-light away from the scene of the trial. In the morning the court convened again at nine o'clock. The jury had not yet agreed. People began to ask the question, "Will there be a mistrial?" But the answer usually was that it would be a strange happening if anything but a verdict of guilty should follow such convincing testimony. At half past nine a deputy came into the court-room with a message from the jury. He stooped over and held a conversation in a whispered tone with the solicitor, who was sitting behind the table used by the prosecuting counsel. The solicitor arose, evidently somewhat alarmed, and said, "May it please your Honor, the foreman of the jury has sent word that they are unable to agree upon a verdict."

The court: "What is the difficulty? Why

do not the jurors themselves come into court, and make this announcement in the usual way?"

The solicitor: "Because, if your Honor please, one of the jurors has been in a stupor since early last night, and it now appears that he is insensible, and unable to move."

The court: "Send for a physician at once, and have the juror examined. Though the law does not allow jurors to converse with outsiders while deliberating upon their verdict, I suppose the rule would not be violated if they should talk with a doctor on an occasion like this; but to prevent any possible interruption of the regular course of justice, the sheriff will warn the physician and the jurors not to speak about the merits of the case against the prisoner during the medical examination of the sick juror. This is an unusual and an unfortunate occurrence. The court will await the result of the physician's examination anxiously, and with strong hope that the juror's condition may be found sufficiently favorable to enable the jury to finish its deliberations, and render a verdict."

About half an hour later the deputy again came into the court-room and whispered something to the solicitor; and then, in response to a motion from the prisoner's counsel, he walked over and whispered to him.

The solicitor: "If your Honor please, I am pained to announce that the juror who was reported in an unfavorable condition is dead. The physician who examined him pronounced it a case of apoplexy."

This created a great sensation in the court-room. Indeed, so strange and startling was the occurrence, and so swiftly did news of it spread through the town, that the court-house soon became the scene of a great crowd of people, anxious, surprised, expectant.

The court: "This is the first time in the history of the law, as far as I know, that a juror has died while deliberating upon a verdict. In view of the gravity of the charge against the prisoner which the jury were to have determined, and the strangeness of the occurrence, the court would like to hear from counsel as to what course to pursue."

The prisoner's counsel: "If your Honor please, the case is indeed strange and perplexing. In addition to what has already been announced, I have to inform your Honor that the jury took only one ballot for a verdict, the result of which was eleven for conviction and one for acquittal. Strangest of all, the juror who is now dead cast the ballot for acquittal, and never spoke after doing so. In view of these facts it seems to me that a verdict of *not guilty* should be entered, and the prisoner discharged. I do not see how this can be called a mistrial, for who can tell what the verdict had been had the dead juror lived to exert his influence for the accused. '*Actus Dei nemini facit injuriam*' (the act of God does wrong to no one). This is a maxim of the law which, it seems to me, would be violated should the prisoner be retained for a new trial, and again put in jeopardy, where it had been possible but for this sudden dispensation of Providence for him to have been acquitted."

The court: "Whatever pertinency that argument may have to the rights of the prisoner under the circumstances that we now believe to exist, it is at this stage of the case premature. The question is, first, how shall the court proceed to communicate with the jury? Shall the court and its officers go to the jury-room, or shall the whole jury, including the dead juror, be brought here; or, further, shall the eleven live jurors be called back to the jury-box, leaving the dead man behind? As yet the court has not been regularly, I might say legally, informed that the jury cannot agree, that a circumstance has happened making it impossible for them to agree, and that information, the court thinks, must come from the jurors directly, and in presence of the court. Of course when we shall have heard properly from the jury, the question raised by the prisoner's counsel will come up—whether there has been a conviction, acquittal, or mistrial."

The solicitor: "If your Honor please, in view of the grave charge before the court, the prisoner being on trial for a capital offence, and in order that no technical objections may be effectively interposed at a new trial, should one be ordered, I suggest that there be no deviation from the regular and orderly course of procedure of the court; that the jury be sent for, and all the jurors, including the dead man, be brought here and placed in the jury-box, that the court may receive their verdict, or discharge them if they have not been able to agree."

The court: "That seems to me the wisest plan, though it will be troublesome and distressing to bring the corpse of a juror into court. The sheriff will notify the jury to return to the jury-box."

There was now a great crowd in the court-room; the largest, perhaps, that had ever assembled there. People were sitting on the backs of benches, like birds in a row; the blacks on one side and the whites on the other. Besides this, the aisles and every available standing space in the court-room were crowded with men greatly excited over the strange event that had happened. For fifteen minutes a thousand eyes kept watch on the entrance to the court-room, to get the first glimpse of the incoming jury. At length they came.

It was a solemn procession that came, the sheriff and his deputy carrying the dead juror on an improvised litter in front, and the other jurors moving slowly and sadly through the dense crowd toward the jury-box. The jury entered their box, and the dead juror sat upright in an arm-chair beside the others.

The foreman stood up.

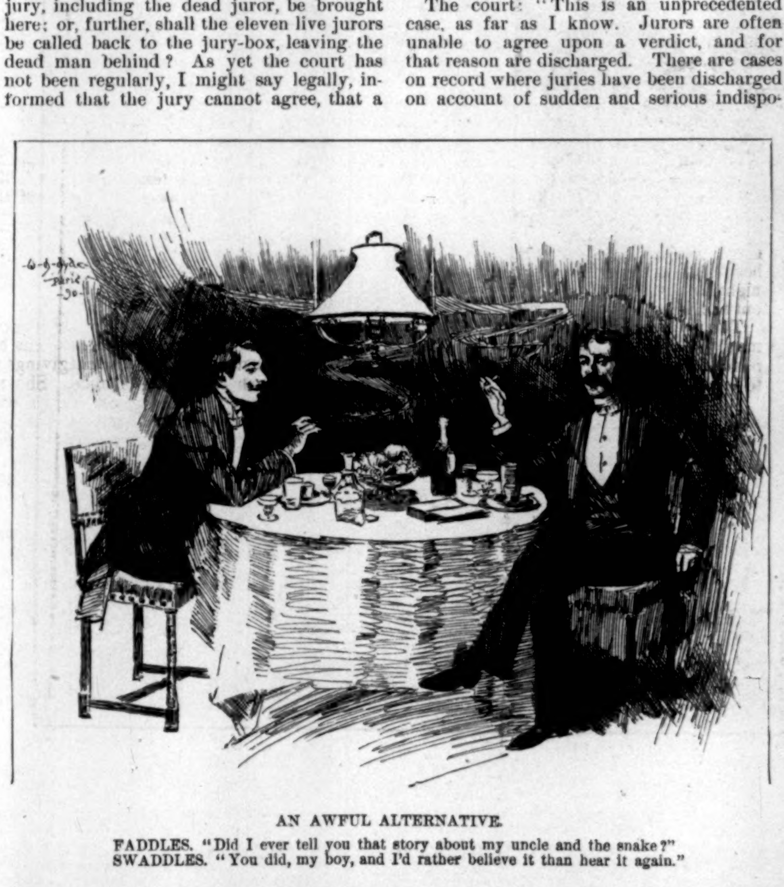
The clerk: "Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

The foreman: "No, we have not. We took one ballot, and then juror No. 12 was stricken down. He is now dead. We stood eleven for conviction and one for acquittal. Juror No. 12 was for acquittal."

The court: "It is now in order, Mr. Solicitor, for us to determine whether to take a verdict or to discharge the jury on a disagreement."

The solicitor: "I think, may it please your Honor, that to take a verdict of guilty would be to strain the law against human life, for there is no concurrence here of twelve jurors, as the law requires, upon that verdict. On the other hand, a verdict of acquittal would be as grave an error on the side of mercy, for a like reason. It is true the maxim '*Actus Dei nemini facit injuriam*' is good law, but why should it be applied solely for the benefit of the accused? Is not the State a party to this action? and should the act of God apply in the prisoner's favor any more than in the State's? It seems to me a mistrial should be ordered. Eleven jurors were for conviction and one for acquittal. Had the dead juror lived are not the probabilities greater that the verdict would have been 'guilty' than 'not guilty'? If so, the prisoner cannot complain that a mistrial is ordered, and he be again put on trial before another jury, that may, indeed, be more favorable to him."

The court: "This is an unprecedented case, as far as I know. Jurors are often unable to agree upon a verdict, and for that reason are discharged. There are cases on record where juries have been discharged on account of sudden and serious indisposition of individual jurors, notably where a man, while upon the jury, was seized with a fit. Had one of the jurors in the present case fallen in a fit or become suddenly so indiposed as to render his further service on the jury impracticable, it would have been for the court, in the exercise of a sound *discretion*, to say whether or not the jury should be discharged. In the present case, however, there is no sickness or indisposition calling upon the discretion of the court; but a juror is dead, and the question is whether the court is not *compelled* by this circumstance to discharge the jury. Surely there is no lawful jury here now to render a verdict, or even to be discharged. God has broken the panel and made a verdict at this trial impossible. Whether or not the prisoner can be again tried, in view of this circumstance, is a point undecided in law, as far as I know. But as jurors are discharged for their voluntary disagreements, or under circumstances satisfactory to the court in its discretion, it seems to me they may be discharged as well where they are prevented by the act of God from agreeing. However, as the case is anomalous, as this point has never before been raised in a court of law to my knowledge, I will give the prisoner the benefit of an exception to the ruling I now make, that the jury be discharged and the prisoner held for a new trial; so that the question may be settled on appeal, if the prisoner's counsel care to take the case to the Supreme Court. Gentlemen of the jury, you are discharged."



AN AWFUL ALTERNATIVE.

FADDLES. "Did I ever tell you that story about my uncle and the snake?"
SWADDLES. "You did, my boy, and I'd rather believe it than hear it again."

There was a stir in the court-room. The sheriff and his deputy lifted the dead body of juror No. 12 to an upright position. All eyes in the court-room were turned toward the jury-box. Wonderful to relate, as the dead juror stood thus confronting the assemblage his beard fell off!

An audible groan swept over the crowd. The prisoner's aged mother fainted. The prisoner's betrothed threw her arms around his neck, exclaiming, "See how like the prisoner he is!—see! see!"

V.

And so indeed it was; juror No. 12 was the real criminal. He was strikingly like the unfortunate George Rothman, once his face was seen without its false beard, and an examination of his house brought to light the very bag in which Mr. Flammer had kept his money. This juror's name was Henry Dougan, or at least that was the name he had been known by in the community. Many persons said after the trial that he was first seen in the county about the time of the Flammer murder; but nobody had ever suspected him of being the criminal, for the reason that Mrs. Flammer was so certain Rothman was the man, and Dougan, as he had always appeared with full beard, was utterly unlike the accused.

That Dougan had become juror No. 12 is indeed strange. But it must be remembered that he was not on the regular panel of jurors for that term of the court, and he had not even been summoned as a special venireman. It so happened that the regularly summoned jurors were not sufficient to make up the trial jury, and when the court ordered the sheriff to call a talesman, any by-stander in the room was liable to be taken. Dougan happened to be the man. What could he do? He could not run away. Had he dreamed that this thing would happen to him, it is not probable his face would have been seen in the court-room that day. But that was God's way of bringing an offender to justice, and who shall say but it was a righteous judgment?

The medical men were unanimously of the opinion that juror No. 12 had died of apoplexy, superinduced by mental anguish over the strangeness and horror of his position, a criminal of the deepest dye sitting in judgment upon another man for his own offence. What agony and remorse he suffered when he saw the possible calamity that might befall another for his awful crimes, who is able to tell?

"This case," said the old judge who presided at the trial, when speaking of the importance of its publication, "aside from its legal phases, is the best illustration I have ever known of the fallibility of human understanding. Here you see that men may be convinced by clear and satisfactory evidence, and firmly believe that certain facts existed, and yet be in error as to the truth. How any one in the face of such a case as this can pass judgment of condemnation on another for a difference in belief, passes my comprehension."

THE SHOOTING OF CONGRESSMAN TAULBEE.

On Friday, February 28th, on the eastern stairway of the Capitol in Washington, Charles E. Kincaid, the Washington correspondent of the Louisville *Times*, shot and fatally wounded William Preston Taulbee, formerly a Representative in Congress from the Tenth District of Kentucky. Ill feeling had existed between the two men for some months, and as both were Kentuckians, such a meeting had been looked forward to by their friends with a reasonable degree of certainty.

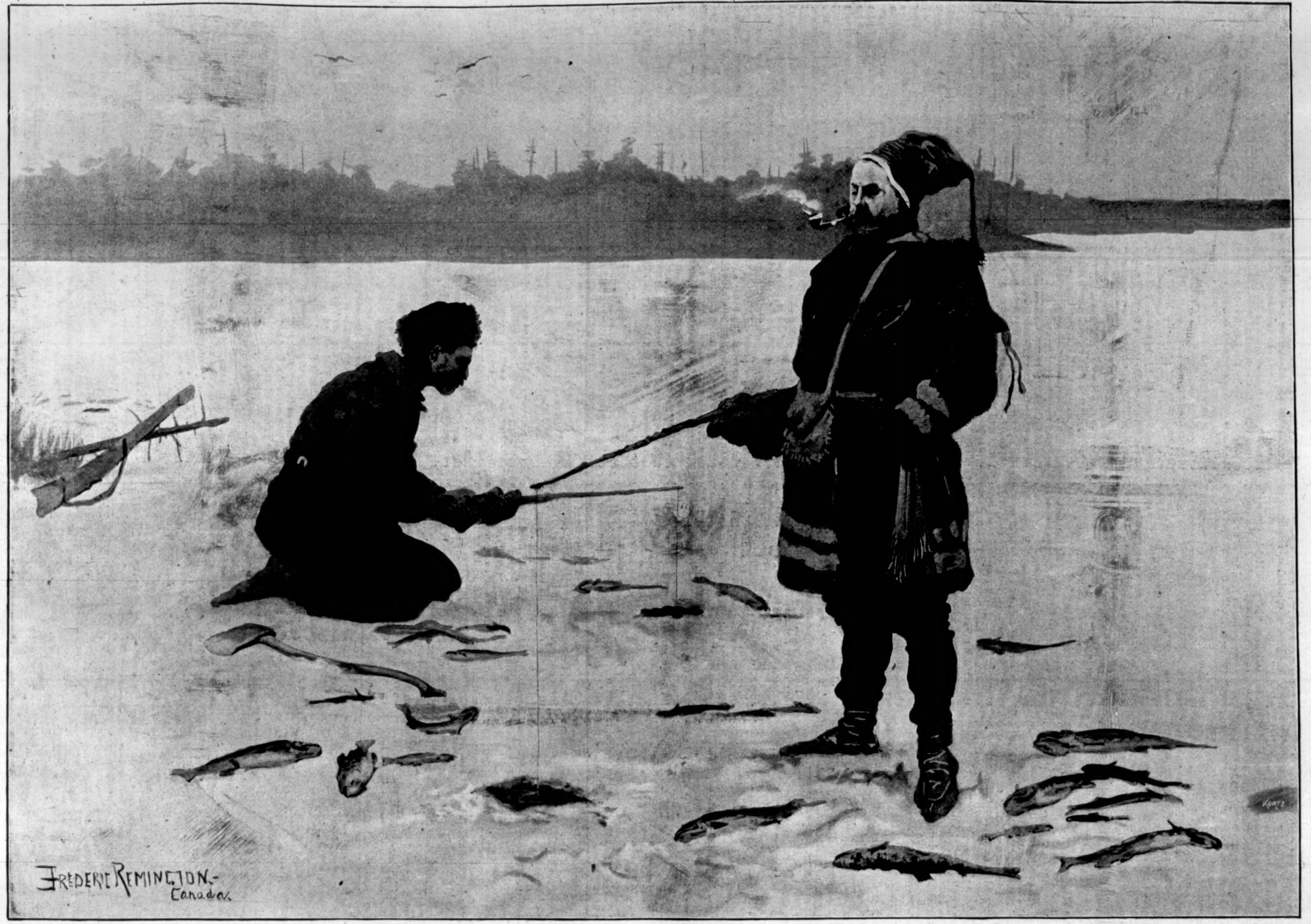
The immediate causes of the shooting are even yet not wholly clear. Shortly after the House was called to order on Friday the two men met. Taulbee, as a former member of the House, had been "on the floor," and was leaving the Chamber; Kincaid was waiting for a member to whom he had sent his card. Taulbee spoke to Kincaid in an undertone, and some words passed between them. It is said that Taulbee gave the lie to Kincaid. The latter exclaimed: "I am in no condition for a physical contest. I am unarmed." Friends at hand separated them, and they went their ways — Taulbee back to the Chamber whence he had come; Kincaid, in great excitement, left the building. Nearly an hour and a half later, at about half past one o'clock, the two men met again, this time on the eastern stairway leading from the main floor of the Capitol. Taulbee was coming down the stairs, Kincaid was going up. They passed about midway on the staircase. Kincaid turned as Taulbee passed him, and followed him down the steps. When almost at the bottom, they began again to quarrel, and Taulbee turned upon Kincaid, who was a step or two behind him. As he turned, Kincaid fired upon him from a distance of less than four feet. The ball struck Taulbee an eighth of an inch to the left of his left eye. He staggered down the few steps yet below him, but did not fall. Members, door-keepers, officers, and visitors ran up, attracted by the report of the pistol, and found the ex-Conressmagn holding his head, trying blindly to stop the blood with his hands, while Kincaid, almost beside himself with excitement, cried, repeatedly: "I did it! I did the shooting!"

WILLIAM PRESTON TAULBEE, EX-REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS FROM KENTUCKY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL, WASHINGTON.

CHARLES E. KINCAID, WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT OF THE LOUISVILLE "TIMES."
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL, WASHINGTON.

The trouble between the two men had its origin in an account which Kincaid sent to his paper of a scandal in which Taulbee was involved. The story was never publicly denied by Taulbee, but it is said that privately he began to persecute Kincaid in every way. Mr. Taulbee was a tall, rawboned Kentuckian, born in Morgan County, October 22, 1851. He was educated in private schools, and studied for the ministry from 1875 to 1878. He then became Clerk of the County Court of Magoffin County, Kentucky, holding office until 1885. In the latter year he was sent to Congress, returning for a second term in 1887. He had a tremendous voice, and could always make himself heard above the tumult of the House.

Charles E. Kincaid is about thirty-five years old, a Kentuckian of good family, and a former judge of a Louisville municipal court. He has long suffered from a nervous disease; apart from that, he is a slight, delicate-looking man, in every way an unfit antagonist for Taulbee. The general opinion in Washington is in Kincaid's favor, and if Taulbee recovers, it is not probable that his assailant will be called to account for his attack on the ex-Congressman.


FREDERIC REMINGTON.-
Canada
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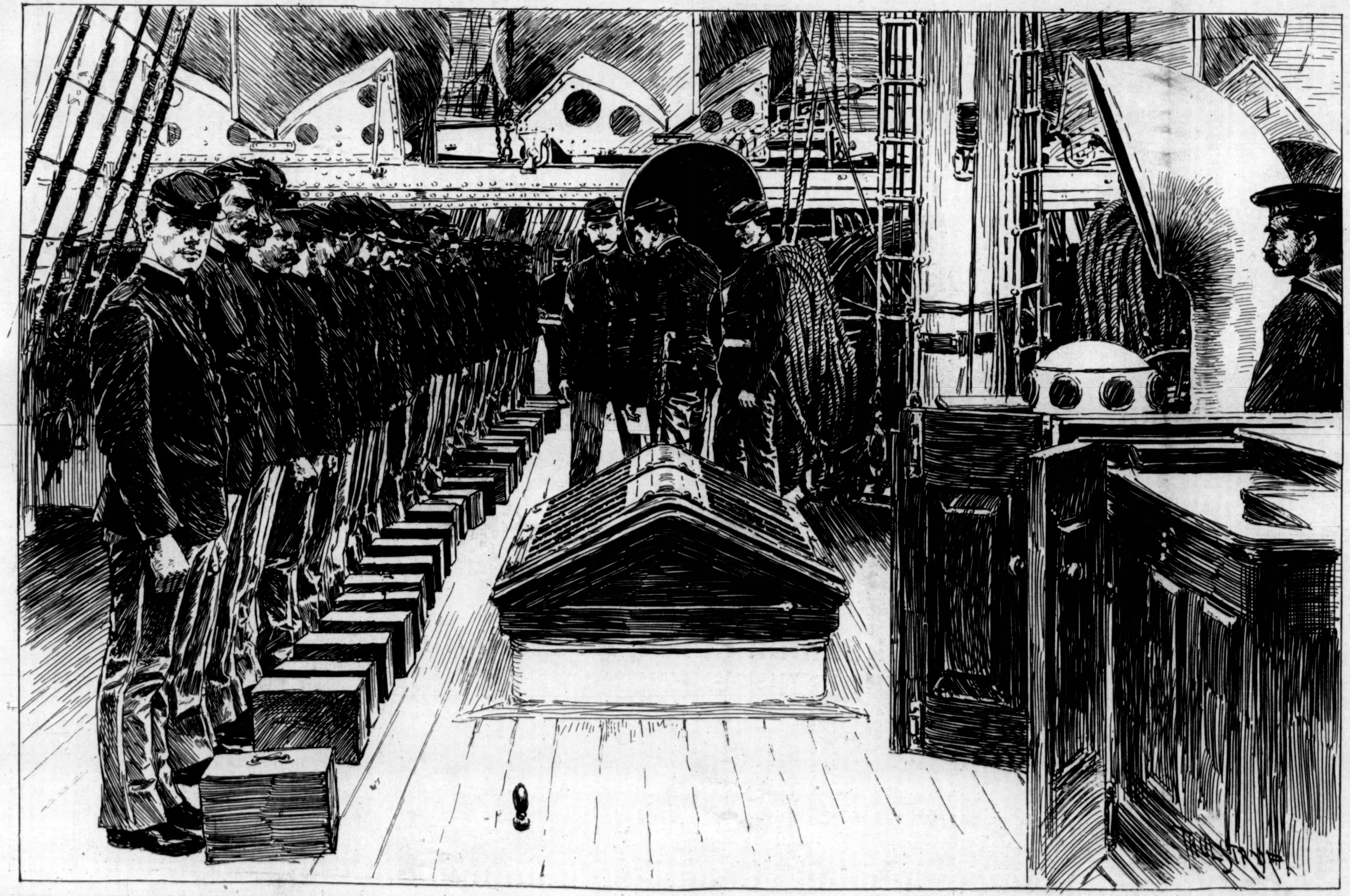
TROUT-FISHING THROUGH THE ICE IN THE CANADIAN WILDERNESS.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 210.]



INSPECTION OF MARINES ON THE UNITED STATES MAN-OF-WAR "CHICAGO."—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 210.]

AN UNDRESS INSPECTION OF THE MARINES.

After asserting his preference for a messmate before a shipmate, Long Tom Coffin of breezy memory rounded off the catalogue of his affections by choosing a sailor before a dog, and a dog before a "sojer." This was a briny growl, a rough sea humor, redolent of tar and marline-spikes, and with just enough of a shadowy truth to make it palatable to a "fo'k's'le" audience. Those were the days of press-gangs, bludgeons, long voyages, and scurvy, and, like all simple-minded men living in a stunted environment/these hearts of oak endured only their own class, and cherished a curious antipathy to landsmen in general and to soldiers in particular—beggarly lubbers and lobster-backs and jollies, as they dubbed them.

That this dislike included the marines is quite as certain; indeed, it may have had its origin in them, for when not drilling and fighting—and there was plenty of both—the routine work of guards on shipboard was police and sentry duty. The proper performance of this brought the marines, of course, into rough-and-ready conflict with all violators of sea discipline; and as the blue-jacket of the first half of this century notably was apt in and out of season to run amuck, and get caught at it, his turn at the gratings came too often to let him feel kindly toward the persons who had reported him. This dislike was often encouraged by the officers, at least negatively, and for what they called "the best interests of the service." In some ships the marines were isolated from the seamen by a line as clearly cut as that separating the officers and enlisted men, and any association was discouraged as tending to impair the discipline.

Measured by our standards, the traditions—there were few regulations—in force were onerous in details. The will of the captain was the main-spring, and as his school had been the knock-down and drag-out ethics of might and power, punishments were frequent and summary. Of course the spirit of the day was the outcome of a hard life, where battles, wrecks, pirates, blockade, and cat-o'-nine-tails were a part of all extended sea experiences, and the wonder grows that there was not so little but so much humanity aboard.

"A few words," writes Admiral Ryder, of the Royal Navy, "will describe a sailor's life on board a man-of-war, such as it was in the memory of many living men. No leave to go on shore from the day the ship was commissioned until paid off. No wages until paid off, but occasionally prize-money. The ship filled with prostitutes in every port by permission of the commanding officer. The majority of the able and ordinary seamen and many petty officers got drunk on every opportunity, viz., when their boats went on shore, or by smuggling liquor on board, or by saving up their daily allowance. Flogging was a weekly, almost a daily, occurrence. It was almost certain that somebody would be drunk at evening muster, and punishment was flogging at 11.30 next forenoon. The men, as a rule, could neither read nor write. They were brave as lions, and generous, if utter recklessness with their money when they got it could be called generosity. After a three years' commission men had received from £60 to £100 pay alone, irrespective of prize-money. As a general rule, they lost all their money the first night after the ship was paid off, and the penniless men re-entered for another term of service. Such was a seaman's life; but all this is now changed."

It can be easily imagined that the lot of the marines under such circumstances was not a happy one. Their constabulary duties were trying and ungrateful; their charges were enterprising and reckless. Posted between two fires—coventry forward, black list aft—they got many of the kicks and none of the ha'pence; and to their credit be it said that they never failed when called upon to assist in the maintenance of discipline and in the suppression of disorder. As the seaman class progressed in intelligence, and was better cared for in food, in pay, and in liberty to go ashore, the police duties grew lighter; and finally, when hard drinking was banned fore and aft, and the grog ration was abolished, a friendlier feeling was established, and the old lines of antagonism gradually disappeared.

The discipline and soldierly qualities of the corps at large have ever been up to the highest water-marks of efficiency; in individual cases, it is of course a case of like priest, like people. Under good officers and with proper treatment, there are no better troops anywhere; and neither naval nor military men needed the endorsements so lavishly furnished by experts at two World's Fairs to satisfy them of the credit our marines are to the country. Not only ashore but on board ship they are subjected to salutary regulations and control. Inspections are frequent, and even in such apparently minor though really important details as the care of their non-military kits, the watchfulness of the officers is probably excused. In the illustration the guard of the flag-ship *Chicago* is in undress uniform without arms; in front of them are the small store boxes—ditty-boxes in sailor lingo—wherein they are required to keep the brushes, pipe-clay, needles, thread, soap, and the half-dozen other necessities which add so much to sea comfort.

Drills are carried on smartly and untiringly; besides their special work as sharp-shooters, they are taught the great-gun exercises, and are stationed at the machine and rapid-fire guns. At sea they pull and haul with the blue-jackets in handling sails, and when in port assist at all sail and spar exercises. The war record of the corps has been a glorious one, and in the fighting organizations of the future, as in the past, they have an important and a definite place. Their courage and skill have been tested in many actions at sea and ashore, and when their duties in the new conditions are settled, they are sure to reassert their value. Whatever may be said to the contrary, they can not well be spared from service afloat without a sacrifice of our navy's fighting efficiency; and duty to faithful public servants, as well as gratitude, demands that the autonomy of their organization shall be maintained rigorously.

J. D. Jerrold Kelley.

TROUT-FISHING THROUGH THE ICE.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

At first, fried salt pork, taken three times a day in a hunter's camp, seems not to deserve the harsh things that have been said and written about it. The open-air life, the constant and tremendous exercise of hunting or chopping wood for the fire, the novel surroundings in the forest or the camp, all tend to make a man say as hearty a grace over salt pork as he ever did at home before a holiday dinner. Where we were, up the Ottawa in the Canadian wilderness, the pork was all fat, like whale blubber. At night the cook used to tilt up a pan of it, and put some twisted ravellings of a towel in it, and light one end, and thus produce a lamp that would have turned Alfred the Great green with envy, besides smoking his palace till it looked as venerable as Westminster Abbey does now. I ate my share seasoned with the comments of Mr. Frederic Remington, the artist, who asserted that he was never without it on his hunting trips, that it was pure carbonaceous food, that it fastened itself to one's ribs like a true friend, and that no man could freeze to death in the same country with this astonishing provender. We had canned tomatoes and baker's bread and plenty of tea, with salt pork as the *pièce de résistance* at every meal. The weather was unsuitable for hunting during nearly a week, and I know now—though I would not have confessed it at the time—that mixed with my admiration of salt pork was a growing dread that in time, if no change offered itself, I should tire of that diet. I began to feel it sticking to me more like an Old Man of the Sea than a brother. The woodland atmosphere began to taste of it. When I came in-doors it seemed to me that the log shanty was gradually turning into fried salt pork. I could not say that I knew how it felt to eat a quail a day for thirty days. One man cannot know everything. But I felt that I was learning.

One day the cook put his hat on, and took his axe, and started out of the shanty door with an unwonted air of business.

"Been goin' fish," said he, in broken Indian. "Good job if get trout."

A good job? Why, the thought was like a floating spar to a sailor overboard! I went with him. It was a cold day, but I was dressed in Canadian style—the style of a country where every one puts on everything he owns: all his stockings at once, all his flannel shirts and drawers, all his coats on top of one another, and when there is nothing else left, draws over it all a blanket suit, a pair of moccasins, a *tuque*, and whatever pairs of gloves he happens to be able to find or borrow. One gets a queer feeling with so many clothes on. They seem to separate you from yourself, and the person you feel inside your clothing might easily be mistaken for another individual. But you are warm, and that's the main thing.

I rolled along the trail behind the Indian, through the deathly stillness of the snow-choked forest, and presently, from a knoll and through an opening, we saw a great woodland lake. As it lay beneath its unspotted quilt of snow, edged all around with balsam, and pine and other evergreens, it looked as though some mighty hand had squeezed a colossal tube of white paint into a tremendous emerald bowl. Never had I seen nature so perfectly unalloyed, so exquisitely pure and peaceful, so irresistibly beautiful. I think I should have hesitated to print my ham-like moccasin upon that virgin sheet had I been the guide, but "Brossy," the cook, stalked ahead, making the powdery flakes fly before and behind him, and I followed. Our tracks were white, and quickly faded from view behind us; and, moreover, we passed the signs of a fox and a deer that had crossed during the night, so that our profanation of the scene was neither serious nor exclusive.

The Indian walked to an island near the farther shore, and using his axe with the light, easy freedom that a white man sometimes attains with a penknife, he cut two short sticks for fish-poles. He cut six yards of fish-line in two in the middle of the piece, and tied one end of each part to one end of each stick, making rude knots, as if any sort of a fastening would do. Equally clumsily he tied a bass hook to each fish-line, and on each hook he speared a little cube of pork fat which had gathered an envelope of granulated smoking tobacco while at rest in his pocket. Next, he cut two holes in the ice, which was a foot thick, and over these we stood, sticks in hand, with the lines dangling through the holes. Hardly had I lowered my line (which had a bullet flattened around it for a sinker, by-the-way) when I felt it jerked to one side, and I pulled up a three-pound trout. It was a speckled trout. This surprised me, for I had no idea of catching anything but lake or gray trout in that water. I caught a gray trout next—a smaller one than the first—and in another minute I had landed another three-pound speckled beauty. My pork bait was still intact, and it may be of interest to fishermen to know that the original cubes of pork remained on those two hooks a week, and caught us many a mess of trout.

There came a lull, which gave us time to philosophize on the contrast between this sort of fishing and the fashionable sport of using the most costly and delicate rods—like pieces of jewelry—and of calculating to a nicety what sort of flies to use in matching the changing weather or the varying tastes of trout in waters where even all these calculations and provisions would not yield a hatful of small fish in a day. Here I was, armed like an urchin beside a minnow brook, and catching bigger trout than I ever saw outside Fulton Market—trout of the choicest variety. But while I moralized my Indian grew impatient, and cut himself a new hole out over deep water. He caught a couple of two-and-a-half-pound brook trout and a four-pound gray trout, and I was as well rewarded. But he was still discontented, and moved to a strait opening into a little bay, where he cut two more holes. "Eas' wind," said he "fish no bite."

I found on that occasion that no quantity of clothing will keep a man warm in that almost arctic climate. First my hands became cold, and then my feet, and then my ears. A thin film of ice closed up the fishing holes if the water was not constantly disturbed. The thermometer must have registered ten or fifteen degrees below zero. Our lines became quadrupled in thickness at the lower ends by the ice that formed upon them. When they coiled for an instant upon the ice at the edge of a hole, they stuck to it, frozen fast. By stamping my feet and putting my free hand in my pocket as fast as I shifted my pole from one hand to the other, I managed to persist in fishing. I noticed many interesting things as I stood there, almost alone in that almost pathless wilderness. First I saw that the Indian was not cold, though not half so warmly dressed as I. The circulation or vitality of those scions of nature must be very remarkable, for no sort of weather seemed to trouble them at all. Wet feet, wet bodies, intense cold, whatever came, found and left them indifferent. Night after night, in camp, in the open air, or in our log shanty, we white men trembled with the cold when the log fire burned low, but the Indians never woke to rebuild it. Indeed I did not see one have his blanket pulled over his chest at any time. Woodcocks were drumming in the forest now and then, and the shrill, bird-like chatter of the squirrels frequently rang out upon the forest quiet. My Indian knew every noise, no matter how faint, yet never raised his head to listen. "Dat squirrel," he would say, when I asked him. Or, "Woodcock, him calling rain," he ventured. Once I asked what a very queer, distant, muffled sound was. "You hear dat when you walk. Keep still, no hear dat," he said. It was the noise the ice made when I moved.

As I stood there a squirrel came down upon a log jutting out over the edge of the lake, and looked me over. A white weasel ran about in the bushes so close to me that I could have hit him with a pea-nut shell. That morning some partridge had been seen feeding in the bush close to members of our party. It was a country where small game is not hunted, and does not always hide at man's approach. We had left our fish lying on the ice near the various holes from which we pulled them, and I thought of them when a flock of ravens passed overhead, crying out in their hoarse tones. They were sure to see the fish dotting the snow like raisins in a bowl of rice.

"Won't they steal the fish?" I asked.

"T'ink not," said the Indian.

"I don't know anything about ravens," I said, "but if they are even distantly related to a crow, they will steal whatever they can lift."

We could not see our fish around the bend of the lake, so the Indian dropped his rod and walked stolidly after the birds. As soon as he passed out of sight I heard him scolding the great birds as if they were unruly children.

"'Way, there!' he cried—"'way! Leave dat fish, you. What you do dere, you t'ief?"

It was an outcropping of the French blood in his veins that made it possible for him to do such violence to Indian reticence. The birds had seen our fish, and were about to seize them. Only the foolish bird tradition that renders it necessary for everything with wings to circle precisely so many times over its prey before taking it saved us our game and lost them their dinner. They had not completed half their quota of circles when Brossy began to yell at them. When he returned his brain had awakened, and he began to remember that ravens were thieves. He said that the lumbermen in that country pack their dinners in canvas sacks and hide them in the snow. Often the ravens come, and searching out this food, tear off the sacks and steal their contents.

I bade good-by to pork three times a day after that. At least twice a day we feasted upon trout. We might have enjoyed some wonderful fish had we gone to almost any other lake, it afterward appeared, for that pond yielded nothing bigger than five-pound trout, whereas a little farther in the wilderness they are found to attain from five to seven times that weight, and to exist in numbers incalculable.

IN THE READING-ROOM AT THE BANKER'S.

It is happiness to have a neat balance at one's banker's. It gives that pecuniary ease alluded to as "the sweet security of the four per cents"; but there are other things that make one's foreign banker's the most delightful of all places to visit. There are many inconveniences attached to the obtaining of letters by tourists at foreign post-offices, though, when one thinks it over, not more than the situation demands. You have to show passports in certain countries, and after that go through identification. But it is the lingual differences which are the most harassing. The post-office clerk is not paid to be a polyglot. Not being a Mezzofanti, he is not to be blamed for the hesitancy he displays before he can assimilate your name as you are pleased to pronounce it and the written characters as found on the letter. The Postlethwaites, the Dougherties, even the plain-sailing Whites, have been known to have wrestled for hours with an entire Italian post-office before obtaining their respective letters.

All bankers abroad in large cities to whom letters of credit are addressed in favor of American tourists have rooms where travellers can find newspapers and sit and read their correspondence. These rooms are usually contiguous to the office, where is the special clerk who attends to the delivery of letters addressed to the care of the house. The memory of this clerk is excellent, and he generally speaks many languages. He must have the special gift of remembering the faces of the numerous clients. This letter delivery assumes at certain seasons the functions of a regular post-office. The house has to bear in mind the innumerable itineraries of tourists, and follows closely directions given as to the forwarding of correspondence. A special book is kept in which the instructions are preserved. "I will be in Rome up to the close of February, and please send everything there addressed to me; and I leave Rome in March, and will be in Naples for a week, and then send letters to Constantinople; and in April I shall probably be in Cairo or Jerusalem, and will write you; and don't forget to forward every scrap, newspapers and all."

It is when tourists return to the great European centres, and letters await them, that they hasten to their banker's. They cannot wait for the house to forward them their correspondence to their hotel or lodgings. Sometimes there is the happiest of hours passed in these reading-rooms. The young woman to whom even Paris, Florence, Naples, were bearly sufferable, so steeped were they in gloom, sees the sun once more, for the letter so long waited for from him has come, and that silly lovers' quarrel which parted them is now forgotten. It is the mother who hears from her married daughter in Montana, and there is another grandchild; or, alas! death has come; the dread notice, with the black-bordered envelope, is handed, and its contents read in agony.

Mr. Reinhart in his sketch shows nothing which is depressing. There is the pretty young person who reads her home letter, and over her shoulder a sister is reading the same letter. There are no secrets. The young gentleman opposite no longer glances at the newspaper. There is something more pleasant to occupy his attention. The matron is there, who learns all about those dear to her, and she is glad that her junketing is over, and that there is a balance left sufficient to pay for her and her daughters' passage home. There is a young lady near the window of the postal clerk who waits. May she or may she not have the clerk hand her a letter?

Sometimes, then, it is gay enough in this reading-room. Old friends that had not the faintest idea that they were to meet thousands of miles away from home here come across one another, and detail their adventures. It often happens that engagements to meet one another are made at the various banking houses in different parts of Europe, as, "I will see you a month from now in Berlin at the Messrs. Pfenning's, or in Naples next month at Lira & Co.'s, or in June at Moscow at Copeck & Brothers'." Bankers do not alone buy and sell bills of exchange, issue travellers' credits, or make telegraphic transfers of money. They help in no small degree to keep tourists in touch with their homes. Lost people are often unearthed by bankers on the urgent inquiries from anxious friends, for all correspondence is kept careful track of; but it is pretty generally taken for granted that when a sight-seer has a balance in his favor at a banker's, it is rare that in time he or she does not come back to claim it.

RUNAWAYS ON THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

The problem of runaways early became a subject for consideration on the part of the authorities of the Brooklyn Bridge. The number of these mishaps range from three to eight a month. Formerly they were more numerous. It is not altogether clear what the decrease is to be attributed to, but the presumption is that a beneficial education of both drivers and horses has been going on with reference to the vicissitudes peculiar to the bridge travel. The chief causes of the runaways are the breakage of harness, or the striking of the horses by the wagon when going down the incline at either side of the elevated centre, in consequence of badly regulated, or the absence of, breeching. It is possible that they are sometimes caused by the passing trains on the cable road, but the bridge officers think that this is rarely, if ever, the fact. In many cases no satisfactory reason for the occurrence is ascertained, as the stories of most drivers, when the question of their own carelessness is involved, are not to be relied on.

One definite conclusion that was some time ago reached by the trustees was that it would be wise to place strong gates at the exits of the roadways, in order that the frightened teams might not plunge with their vehicles into the busy streets at the ends of the great structure. Some of the members of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at first protested against the use of these barriers for the horses to throw themselves against, but it has been amply demonstrated that there would be much more cruelty in permitting them to go on than in thus stopping them. Where there has been time to securely close the gate neither a human being nor a horse has been killed. On the other hand, in one instance where the horse was not checked in this way, a woman who was trying to save her child, was knocked down in the street by the animal and killed. In another case a runaway team dashed from the bridge exit into a street car, and wrecked it.

There is a telegraph system on the roadways, provided with knobs at certain intervals. A pressure on one of these by an officer at his post notifies the gate-man that a runaway is coming, and to act accordingly. At times the situation becomes critical when near the exit for the gate to be closed properly. In an accident which recently occurred at the Brooklyn end of the bridge, a picture of which is printed in this issue of the Weekly, this was the case; and the situation was complicated by the wagon being caught between the gate and the wall, and the horses—who were frightened by another runaway team in the rear—breaking away. Fortunately they were soon stopped, and no one in the street was injured. In respect to the runaways that take place nearer the centre of the bridge, the situation is much the same as that of a narrow street where the vehicles are all going one way and there are no pedestrians. The career of the horses is usually short, owing to the amount of traffic that is in the way of their progress, but more damage is likely to ensue than at the gates. Those riding over the bridge in wagons or carriages, who are inclined to apprehend danger from runaways, may find comfort in the fact that the percentage of them to the vast number of teams that cross is exceedingly small, and that those which do occur are generally of little consequence.

A BRIEF SPELL OF WINTER.

The present season has done much to confirm the impression which prevails among the older inhabitants that since they were young a climatic change has taken place in New York winters. It has certainly been many years since the old-fashioned stage-sleighs, with their four horses, traversed the streets of Gotham; or since, with the possible exception of the memorable blizzard, snow has lingered long enough on the roadways to make it worth while to bring them out if they were still in existence. The story of people crossing the East River on the ice has assumed an almost legendary character.

The first snow of any consequence on Manhattan Island this year did not fall until the first of March. It was followed by another snowfall several days after, and on these occasions the city put on the traditional garb of the season, and was reminiscent of old times. Those possessing sleighs quickly seized upon the short opportunities to make use of them. This phase of winter is seen at its best in New York in Central Park, and on our first page is finely portrayed a feature of it which speaks for itself. The smooth roads of that public domain present a much more invigorating sight when there is sleighing than at other times. The preternatural solemnity which most people put on for some inscrutable reason when riding in carriages for pleasure largely disappears under the influence of the keener enjoyment.

The scene in the Park at the times noted showed what little encouragement in the way of a steady, real winter it would require to make the sleighing season in New York a brilliant one indeed. The fine driveways, with their agreeable grades and curves, the great number of horses owned by private individuals and by livery-stable proprietors, largely with reference to Park uses, and, more than all, a certain quality in New York society which responds readily to the chance of enjoying the exhilarating pastime, would produce a wonderfully lively and inspiriting result if there were a reasonable prospect of snow enough to warrant suitable preparations. Even when there is so brief an incentive to own sleighs, the turnout is a fine one. Old-fashioned types are numerous, but there is a wide variety of all kinds, with a notable prevalence of the Russian, with its plumes and distinct character generally. It is to be doubted if dealers have sold any new sleighs whatever this winter for use within the city limits. Prominent carriage manufacturers keep a few of them on hand simply for the sake of completeness in stock, and not to be found lacking by a chance but little-expected customer. Some liverymen keep them for the same reason, and do not count on them as a source of profit. This feeling does not prevent them, however, from charging at least double carriage rates for their hire, and in many cases as much more as the traffic will bear. The large majority of the sleighs that are seen in the Park are private property, though the liverymen can on occasion imitate the aristocratic establishments so closely, footmen and all, that the inexperienced observer is unable to draw the line.

The late short revival of legitimate winter gave one important member of the community but imperfect comfort. That was the small boy. It indeed supplied him, when particularly favored as to locality, with a limited amount of coasting, and prevented snowballing from becoming altogether a lost art, but it brought no skating with it. The lakes at Central Park have at no time, up to present writing, been frozen sufficiently to serve his purpose. The sense of the injustice of the situation is unmistakably stamped upon his countenance, and the possession of skates, which were perhaps given to him last Christmas, he regards as a bitter mockery. It may be a comfort to him and to others to know that the theory that the character of the local winter has permanently changed is not indorsed by many scientific people. There have been series of mild winters before that were followed by those of the approved type, and their view is that history is simply repeating itself, the "grip" and various other things included.

EDWIN COWLES.

Edwin Cowles, who died on the 4th, was one of those sturdy characters which thrive best under conditions of adversity and struggle. Like his associates who strove with him to abolish slavery and maintain the Union, he bequeathes to happier times a career full of inspiration and instruction to a generation which, without such examples, could scarcely appreciate either those times or the sort of men who lived in them. He was born September 18, 1825, in Austinburg, Ohio. His father was a doctor, and going further back, one of his ancestors was the first clergyman in Connecticut, while another was the first white child born in New England. Of mingled Huguenot and Puritan stock, he naturally prospered under influences which crush weak natures. He was a printer from necessity. While still a boy, and as early as 1853, he began his work as a member of the firm of Medill, Cowles, & Co., publishers of the *Forest City Democrat*. The same sheet, under the name of the *Leader*, will be his best monument. It was in the *Leader's* editorial rooms that was held the meeting of party managers which resulted in the consolidation of the Know-Nothings, Whigs, and Free-soilers, and the holding at Pittsburgh of the first Republican Convention.

Although Mr. Cowles was the owner and manager of the *Leader*, he did not become its editor until after 1866, when a company was formed to take over a business too extensive for his individual tastes. His fervent abolitionism found vent after the battle of Bull Run in an article headed "Now is the Time to abolish Slavery," a sentiment which he maintained amid much clamor, although its support almost cost him the Postmastership, which he held from President Lincoln. Although he was equally early and strenuous in advocating those other reforms which are associated with the Republican party's early history, perhaps his most distinctive work as an editor was his opposition to Catholicism. He was foremost among the founders of the Order of the American Union, and in numerous addresses before it he depicted even more strongly than in the *Leader's* columns what he conceived to be the dangers of papal influence in American affairs.

Mr. Cowles was as sturdy in body as in mind and character. He had numerous physical encounters, from which he usually emerged victor, and invariably he enforced respect for his prowess. Once he beat a robber who attacked him, and once when an angry reader of the *Leader* threatened him with a revolver, he felled him with a single blow. Another characteristic was incapacity to hear certain sounds, just as some people cannot see certain colors. He could not hear the song of birds, nor the corresponding high notes in music, nor the aspirate in the human voice, whence resulted a certain defect in speech. His sense of humor was comically deficient. As an instance may be cited a perfectly serious rebuke to an unfortunate writer who had described an egg which, despite its size, was laid by a single hen. The delinquent in vain expostulated against the reproof. Every explanation that it was a joke, Mr. Cowles met with the retort that he wanted in the *Leader* no such funny things as a suggestion that two hens could lay a bigger egg than one hen.

Mr. Cowles leaves a widow, a married daughter (Mrs. C. W. Chase), and three sons—Eugene H., Alfred H., and Lewis H. It is most agreeable to add that though he fought so hard, he fought so honestly that the animosities of his earlier career scarcely survived into his later years, and above his grave there will be only unfeigned and unmingled respect and regard.

SOME NEW YORK CLUBS.*

(*Continued from page 196, Supplement.*)

be. For two years its monthly dinners have been among the events of the season. Many of the best-known men of the country have sat at its board—not the guests of the club, for the club cannot entertain, but as guests of individual members. When this young organization learns that no club rule is good for anything that is not sometimes judiciously broken, it will attain a prosperity which has been reached by no other organization of its character outside of London.

The Authors' Club is a club with rooms, and not a house. It is charming when its meetings occur. There is a delightful freedom about it; but the sophistic guest cannot help wondering why so many good-fellows should not join in a body some real club like the Fellowcraft. But they answer that there is a *raison d'être* for the Authors' Club which would, somehow or other, be lost on the way to the other club. It is an excellent answer, after its fashion; but there is, after all, only one *raison d'être* for any club, and that is the congeniality of its members; and at least this is true, that the Authors', the Players', the Fellowcraft, and the Salmagundi represent a distinct phase of life in the city. They are the expression of the social desires of men who are engaged in literary and artistic pursuits. It is not true, of course, that each member of a club should find a congenial companion in every other member, but it is true that the tone of the club should be harmonious; and in such an organization it is possible that personal dislikes and even enmities should exist. However, the Authors' Club is an institution with which New York should not dispense. It marks the fact that there are among us people who live partly by the making of books, and it is something to the credit of the New World's metropolis that, in the absence of an international copyright law, there are authors who can pay its huge rents. It is to be regretted that we cannot present a picture of the rooms of this club, but the permission to make one came too late for the purposes of this article.

Quite the latest addition to the clubs of New York is the Aldine, founded by publishers, and domiciled in one of the fine old-fashioned houses of Lafayette Place. Its object is the "encouragement of literature and art, and social intercourse and enjoyment." It presents the most beautiful artistic achievements both in its rooms and its club book. There are reasons why it should be the most noteworthy of all the clubs of its kind in the city.

The talk about the Century and its younger kin has led us far away from the clubs of which the Union and the New York are the prototypes. There is not, indeed, very much to say about them. What the fashionable clubs of London are, that these in New York strive to be. First after the Union, and an offshoot from it, is the Knickerbocker. It came into existence partly because the waiting list of the Union was too long for young men who were thirsting for the joys of club life, and partly because the real old New-Yorker, the man whose fashion dated back to Mrs. Cannon's haberdashery, resented the introduction into the Union of those whose fathers were born in Ohio, and whose names were not known in the days when that magnificent beau, Beverly Robinson, used to promenade Broadway as his descendants now promenade Fifth Avenue. So there are old men as well as young men in the handsome club-house on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-second Street, and the names of most of the members are more than one generation old in New York.

After the Knickerbocker comes the Calumet, founded in 1879, and known familiarly as the junior Union. Of the same character is the St. Nicholas, which was born in 1875, and whose membership is confined to persons descended from some one who was a resident of the State in 1785. In its charter it is announced that the club is formed for the purpose of collecting and preserving "information concerning the early history and settlement of the city and State of New York." Those who are not members of the club are not informed as to the wealth of its historic archives. It speaks of the pride of ancestry after the manner of the great society of that name—a society of real New-Yorkers, which is now only less important than that other famous organization, the New England Society, the New-Englanders and not the Dutch having taken Holland.

These many organizations speak not only of the immense and rapidly increasing wealth of the city, but of its slightest social differences, for while the Union, Knickerbocker, Calumet, St. Nicholas, and New York overlap, there are variations in the pervasive influences which govern them. In the Union, one will be impressed with the wealth and comfort of the club; in the Knickerbocker, with the anxious cares of extreme fashion; in the Calumet, with the joys of youth; in the St. Nicholas, with all these, and with the further fact that New York has a past.

All these clubs are represented more or less in the University, which occupies the building on the corner of Madison Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street, once the home of the Union League. It has been in existence since 1865, and its abode was formerly on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street, the house having been transformed into the New York Club's present building. The University is what its name denotes—a club of college men. It is big, splendid, luxurious. Its library is the most extensive of all club libraries in the country. Strangers who dine in what was once the theatre of Mr. Jerome's building—the generous rental of which is now the dower of Lady Randolph Churchill—are cautiously shown the array of handsome books through a half-open door. Of all the clubs of the city, the University is that in whose list of members will be found the names of men who could be found in no other club—laborious professional men who are glad to know that there is a place in this vast business world where they can meet the boys whom they knew in college. It is a most interesting club this, its life is so like that of a university town, sometimes academic and sometimes full of bubbling excitement. More than that, its Burgundy is always at the proper temperature.

The University and the two great political clubs, the Union League and Manhattan, have social features which make them kin to the Union and its relatives, and the membership of all except the political clubs is in a measure interchangeable. There is many a man who belongs to all the clubs except that one to whose politics he is opposed. The Union League is the club which is most distinctly political. It was founded in 1863, and into its organization was infused the patriotic fervor of the war. Its purpose, according to its charter, is "to promote, encourage, and sustain by all proper means absolute and unqualified loyalty to the United States; to discountenance and rebuke by moral and social influence all disloyalty to said government, and every attempt against the integrity of the nation."

We all know what such sturdy English meant in the days when this charter was written. Its stately building on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street is the club-house of some club-men and of many politicians. Unlike clubs such as the Union, it invites both men and women within its precincts to receptions and to art exhibitions. It has also a standing political committee, and holds great meetings for the purpose of swaying the current of events. It is very rich and very influential. But as the years have softened manners, many of its intense members have drifted away from the rigid tenets of the old political faith. There are mugwumps within the stronghold, concerning whom there have been sharp contentions, ending generally by the strengthening of the liberal tendency. As the social instinct of the club grows, party bitterness must disappear.

Far down Fifth Avenue, on the corner of Fifteenth Street, is another political club—the Manhattan. It is usually called a Democratic club, and most of the Democratic leaders of the country are members of it, but so gentle is its politics that one might sit within its walls a month without discovering that it had any. It was founded in 1865, when the Democratic party was not popular, and its purpose was declared to be "to advance democratic principles." No one certainly could object to so mild-mannered a proposition. To be sure, the club gives some political receptions, but it would not reject a man for being of the opposite faith. Its just pride is in its *chef* and its cellar, and when it moves into the Stewart building its politics will pale even more before the growth of its popularity as a club pure and simple.

There are more clubs of this great city worthy of much philosophy, but a volume would scarce contain their names. At some other time we must consider those which have been omitted, not the purely political clubs or other organizations which exist solely for the advancement of a cause, but the out-of-the-way clubs, the great athletic organizations, the clubs of the Greek letter societies, the many country, hunt, and yacht clubs, and more important than all, the German clubs, which are institutions whose magnitude is little dreamed of by the ordinary American citizen, and which represent the development of a social phase transcending in the rapidity of its growth that of any other element of our many-sided metropolis. There are besides the American clubs spoken of, by which I mean clubs founded on the London principle, other similar organizations, new but representative, like the West Side Club, which is about building a handsome home for itself. But of all these it is impossible to speak. I have sought only to make some brief mention of certain social characteristics of the town, and to show how out of every homogeneous social set blossoms a club into which men who love their kind may sometimes escape the general rush and swirl of the human tide outside.

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* An exterior view of the University Club building will appear in an early number of the Weekly. The Players' Club was illustrated in Nos. 1674 and 1730.